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The Week

SOONER or later the resignation or the dismissal of Mr. Denby as Secretary of the Navy was inevitable. It is a pity for Mr. Coolidge's sake that it was not sooner rather than later. He has been obliged in the end to take all the loss which was coming to him for dispensing with Denby but he has by his hesitation forfeited a large part of the gain. His indignant rejection of the Senate resolution requesting the resignation was a particularly silly and awkward gesture. He had allowed the Senate to put him in the wrong, and in the end he was obliged in substance to admit it. We hope he will not continue the mistake in the case of Daugherty. The Attorney-General must go sooner or later also. The sooner he goes, the better it will be for the administration.

THE lawyers whom President Coolidge has finally selected to serve as counsel for the government in prosecuting the men who are involved in the fraudulent oil leases do not deserve and will not receive the undivided confidence of American public opinion. The objections which Senator Walsh has urged against them are not easy to answer. The public career of ex-Senator Pomerene proves him to be a second-rate man who is not distinguished either by character, ability or public spirit. Neither has he possessed the kind of experience as a lawyer which qualifies him for this particular work. The objections to the selection of Mr. Roberts are different but not less weighty. He is known in his community as a trial lawyer of unusual ability, but his reputation is exclusively local, and in his conduct as a lawyer or a citizen he has never betrayed the zealous and vigilant devotion to the public as opposed to private interest which the nation has a right to ask of the prosecutor in these cases. President Coolidge's two appointments, that is, while not actually bad, are doubtful. If the prosecutions miscarry or do not seem to be pushed home, an important section of public opinion will attribute the failure to the kind of men to whom the President confided the work of representing the government. It will remember that in selecting these lawyers he did not ask or else he ignored the advice of the Senator who more than any one man has proved his desire and his ability to get at the truth and to expose the guilty.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S task of appointing lawyers who would satisfy all the requirements of the work was, it must be admitted, extremely difficult. Of course, there are any number of American lawyers of eminent ability and scrupulous personal integrity to whom he might have confided the job, but in this instance ability and private integrity, although indispensable, were not sufficient. His appointees should in addition have been men who from their record could be trusted to behave ruthlessly in pushing home the investigation, and in exposing if not prosecuting all the guilty. They should, that is, be men whose previous career showed them to be uncompromising and who would carry through their job as Hughes did the insurance investigations and as Brandeis did the Ballinger case. At the present time there are very few prominent lawyers who have won any reputation as reformers; and unfortunately those who have such a reputation do not enjoy the

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President's confidence. The vast majority of prosperous American lawyers have become, as the result of their practice, part of the system which provides a fertile soil for just such betrayals of the public interest as the Senate Committee has exposed. They have served as counsel for oil companies and oil speculators or for banks which are interested in oil securities or for closely allied business men; and their disposition would be to narrow the scope of the exposures to clearly proved cases of crime and if possible to "make it easy" for the Dohenys. They would for political and business reasons which seem entirely public spirited to them do what they could to discourage the "trouble-makers in Congress."

FORTUNATELY the lawyers appointed by the administration will be responsible for the prosecutions rather than the investigation; and as long as Senator Walsh is conducting the investigation, it is likely to be pushed home no matter how many important people and interests get hurt. From the public point of view the full exposure of how the country was being governed by certain departments of the Harding administration is of far greater public interest than is the fastening of a criminal penalty on Fall or any of the millionaires who "loaned" him money. It would in our opinion have been much more sensible to have granted complete immunity from criminal prosecution to Fall, provided he tell the whole truth, rather than to excuse him from testifying on the ground that he might incriminate himself. The punishment of a few individuals is a meagre compensation for the outraged feelings of a people who have been defrauded and humiliated as the American people were during the early years of the Harding administration. The only other benefit which they can reap from the exposure is the creation of a public opinion which will not tolerate such practices and which knows enough to prevent their repetition. Unfortunately neither the political nor the business leaders of the country look at the matter in this light. They regard the investigation as a dangerous nuisance, which is upsetting business, undermining public confidence and injuring President Coolidge's chances of reëlection. They are doing what they can to suppress or restrict it and by so doing they are justifying the accusation of their political opponents that they do not deserve the power which the existing economic and political system confides in them.

SENATOR LENROOT and his associates of the Senate Committee on Public Lands will make a mistake if they allow the rumors about ex-President Harding which Mr. Frank Vanderlip published to remain without further investigation Now that they have been brought to the surface they ought to be traced to their sources and shown up. Mr. Vanderlip spoke as he did from no doubt the best of motives. He was justified in calling attention to the disastrous effect on popular confidence in American political leadership which the recent revelations and rumors were having. But he assumed a grave responsibility by speaking out as he did, and he ought to be willing to follow his stroke through. The rumors must have been communicated to him by particular individuals. Those individuals must have mentioned names and incidents which would have supplied clues for further inquiries. He either should have been willing to disclose these clues or else he should never have opened his mouth. The fact that they were not volunteered and that they were not elicited under cross-examination has only increased the flood of popular uneasiness, suspicion and resentment that is now sweeping the country.

THE meeting of his supporters at Chicago which urged Mr. McAdoo to continue in the Democratic race could hardly have done otherwise. They whitewashed an innocent man, whose only crime was bad luck, the bad luck of a virtuous citizen who orders lemonade in a saloon which is raided before he finishes his drink. But Mr. McAdoo's friends would be very foolish to go on insisting that he is just as good a candidate as ever. No candidate is possible for the Democrats who has any connection with oil, however blameless. The Democrats must confine themselves to other liquids —to vinegar, for instance, which seems inseparable from the speeches of Senator Reed of Missouri, or to that noble product of the cow which has been the particular hobby of Senator Copeland.

IN his speech as the first Labor Premier on the opening of Parliament, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald struck the note which the composition of his Cabinet, his earlier statements and his preparations for assuming power foreshadowed. Far from aggressively, even cautiously and tentatively, he outlined a program in which general policy was subordinated to the details of the immediately possible, if we take "immediately" to mean months rather than days. On nearly every point of proposed reform, Mr. MacDonald emphasized the necessity of fuller knowledge, of waiting for the result of investigation, of going slow until after further discussion. He viewed unemployment, for instance, as an evil to be attacked from the angle of gradual trade improvement rather than that of immediate relief. France, he said, had "nothing to fear from any policy we may pursue." While she might not agree with British desires, surely nothing would arise which could not be settled by "good will and honest dealing." His chief concern, one gathers, was to prevent Labor's being forced out on any but an important issue of its own choosing; and his chief comfort, which he threw in the teeth of pessimistic enemies, the fact that consols had risen since Labor came in.

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BRITISH Labor's joy over a buoyant securities market of course found Moscow scornful, and in spite of long-desired recognition the Soviet leaders are more critical of Mr. MacDonald's government than even his own opposition, which remains fairly moderate. Mr. MacDonald's firm words about his unwillingness to encourage "economic extravagance on the part of Boards of Guardians" may disarm his enemies in the matter of the Poplar doles, and turn their eyes toward the dockers' strike, or toward temperance legislation, on which Labor is apparently going to go slow. Everything in Mr. MacDonald's opening moves suggests that his opponents will have to turn now here, now there, for bricks to throw at him. There will be bricks enough, in the long run, but for the present they will be scattering, for Liberals and Tories will set the pace for their attack according to the pace of his attack upon the real problems looming in the future, and this, if we are to judge by the beginning, will resemble more the onset of a glacier than that of a cavalry charge.

THERE is good ground for Secretary Hughes's protest against the treatment accorded to Japan in the Johnson immigration bill. The number of Japanese who could enter the United States under the quota principle proposed in the bill would be too insignificant to disturb any rational person. A few hundreds of Japanese will not make an oriental people of us. The only issues at stake are sentimental ones: the insistence of Japan that her nationals shall not be formally discriminated against, and our insistence that we may discriminate if we please. As to the substance of the matter, Japan knows as well as we do that a flood of Japanese immigration would affect disastrously the relations between the two powers. Japan will coöperate willingly to prevent such a calamity, but she does not want to be insulted by having her coöperation made superfluous.

THERE is no longer any doubt as to the fate of the Mellon twenty-five percent surtax. It is dead. Even its best friends in Congress would now be glad to compromise on a thirty-five percent rate. The supporters of surtax reduction will no doubt argue that even so the Mellon proposal served its purpose as an opening bid, and that whatever rate may finally be adopted will be the lower for it. We doubt it. The Mellon proposal so palpably discriminated in favor of the large taxpayer that all the equalitarian sentiment in the country was roused to anger. A proposal for the reduction of all income tax rates by a uniform percentage would have stirred violent antagonism anywhere. Such a reduction would not have been "scientific" but neither were the Mellon proposals scientific. No analysis worth a moment's consideration has been offered to show that public policy would be better served by cutting the surtaxes than by cutting anywhere else.

ONE reason why we are in no position to effect a scientific revision of the income tax is that we have deliberately put obstacles in the way of our finding out the pertinent facts. We need to know how far the large fortunes have taken refuge in tax-exempt securities. This would be known if as in earlier laws we required every taxpayer to report not only taxable but tax exempt income. Then the Secretary of the Treasury could give us good facts instead of, as now, bad theory. We hope that the Progressives in Congress will insist on the restoration of the obligation to report tax-exempt income. There will be less out-and-out tax dodging if this is done.

AS we have shown in earlier issues the part played by tax-exempt bonds in facilitating the evasion of super taxes has been greatly exaggerated. The volume of such bonds is not sufficient to provide a refuge for any considerable part of the fortunes that are subject to taxation. It must be borne in mind, however, that the state and local indebtedness is bound to increase rapidly, whether government is conducted economically or not. More and more enterprises take on the nature of public services as we become more civilized. There is good reason for believing that the whole business of terminal handling of transportation ought to be taken over by the municipalities. Housing for the working classes is drifting rapidly toward the condition of a public service. In another generation the productive debts of state and local government are pretty sure to represent a far larger share of our total investment field than at present. Unless we wish to see growing up a privileged non-tax paying class, we ought to consider seriously what we can do to reach the tax-exempt bonds through inheritance taxes.

THE New York World is rapidly becoming a staunch Republican paper. On a single day, February 13, it printed two editorials that ought to go into President Coolidge's campaign book. The first scores the Senate for its impertinence in calling for Denby's head. The World, to be sure, has "better reasons than any opinions the Senate might venture why Mr. Coolidge should jettison Denby." On examination they appear to be some of the same reasons that actuated the Senate, but they look better, somehow, coming from the World. The second editorial finds the President's Lincoln Day address "the work of keen intelligence grown adroit in the practice of politics. . . . His argument for lower surtaxes is admirable in its simplicity and vividness." World editors, like all men, dislike taxes. At the approach of the Ides of March they especially detest the income tax. Any argument against it, however weak and illogical, seems admirable to them. After the pain of paying taxes is over they will re-read the President's argument and their own comment, and

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speculate on the trickiness of the human reason under stress of deep emotion.

WE wish some reasonably accurate medium could collect authentic spirit messages from such of America's past friends and creators as Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Lincoln, Roosevelt on the subject of a bill now up before the New Jersey legislature (Assembly No. 14). This bill would prohibit the use in New Jersey schools, private and public, of any history textbook which "ignores, omits, discounts or in any manner belittles, falsifies, misrepresents, distorts, doubts or denies the events leading up to the Declaration of American Independence or those connected with the War of Independence or any other war in which this country has been engaged, or which ignores, omits (etc. as above) . . . the deeds of the noted American patriots, or which questions the worthiness of their motives or casts aspersions upon their lives." As an excellent and vigorous protest by the faculty of Princeton University points out, the bill would exclude the best of our histories, Theodore Roosevelt's volumes in the American Statesmen series, Henry Adams's history of the war of 1812, the opinions of our Presidents on their contemporaries, and the writings of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln. So blind a bill should, like all crippled puppies, be drowned at birth.

IN connection with the article by Keynes published in this issue it is interesting to note that our net gold imports in 1923 were $294,000,000. We already had, at the beginning of the year, vastly more gold than we had any use for. Every banker recognizes that a surplus of gold above his legitimate reserve requirements is dead capital. The same thing is true of a nation's financial system as a whole. The only way we shall ever get any benefit out of this new $294,000,000 will be by sending it abroad again for the purchase of useful commodities. In the meantime it is a non-interest bearing asset, more likely than not to depreciate in its command of real values. So long as we hold it we shall be losing interest at the rate of a million dollars a month. What the risk of depreciation is we can not estimate, but it is considerable. This is the price we pay for the privilege of deceiving ourselves into the belief that we are still on the old basis of an uncontrolled gold standard.

THE German Separatists are going the way of the Russian counter-revolutionists. Both built great hopes upon French policy; both received unlimited moral and substantial material support. Counter-revolutionist and Separatist alike set themselves against the vast majority of their fellow countrymen, and thereby exposed themselves to great dangers, on the assurance that French aid would carry them through. But the French soon grow weary of helping those who cannot help themselves. They abandoned the Russian counter-revolutionists to their fate and are now abandoning the Separatists. They are trying to protect the Separatists against mob violence, and hope to secure official amnesty for them. That is all they can do for the Separatists and still keep on good terms with the new English government, which is no more in favor of German dismemberment than the old fashioned balance of power statesmen were. The Separatists will find it wise to join the other emigré colonies in Paris.

JUST why should the oil scandal have produced the mid-month slump in stock exchange prices? Only the Sinclair and Doheny interests should suffer direct losses as a result of the inquiry. It was not, however, the oil stocks that suffered most severely, but Fisher Body, General Electric, National Lead, Dupont. Otis Elevator, American Can, Republic Steel, Corn Products, Tobacco Products suffered more than any petroleum company except Houston Oil. The explanation must run in terms of that incalculable force, confidence. The speculative public is afraid, of what, they do not know definitely, but they are afraid. What probably looms in the background of their minds is the danger of another muckraking era, an era in which every shrewd politician will have to join in hunting down malefactors of great wealth, in which drastic regulation and taxation will appeal powerfully to the voters. It may come to that.

A drop in the franc of twenty-five points in a single day, establishing a new level much below any previously recorded, ought to open the eyes of the French public to the seriousness of the position into which the imperial ambitions of M. Poincaré has manoeuvred their national finances. Three years of loosely controlled expenditures for reconstruction, of reckless loans to bankrupt allies, of excessive military outlays, culminating in the inhuman and costly invasion of the Ruhr, have heaped up the French debt to a mountain which can be borne only if interest and principal are paid in francs more seriously depreciated than are even yet contemplated. Fundamentally, the value of the franc has long rested on popular delusions. And delusions ebb and flow according to laws that are unpredictable. A parliamentary struggle or a rumor of foreign complications, is sufficient to produce the wildest oscillations. In this latest panic the impression got abroad that M. Poincaré was about to fall. The raising of the issue of corruption in reconstruction contracts, the uncertainties as to the findings of the commission of experts, discontent with the new taxation measures, partly on account of their burdensomeness, partly on account of their inadequacy, seemed to make Poincaré's position very uncertain. Besides, he is manifestly suffering from overstrain and no one can be sure that his health will stand the burden of government much longer. Unless the franc soon shows more strength important political realignments are inevitable.

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Making It Easy for Doheny

IT is interesting to watch from day to day the behavior of the politicians and business men who for some reason or another are called upon to express themselves about the oozing oil scandals. Only a few of them are, of course, directly implicated in the exposures, but they usually have intimately associated with some of the men who are directly implicated. They are aware that no matter how scrupulously they themselves have shunned doubtful transactions, they have for personal or business reasons looked the other way or remained silent when, as they knew or suspected, doubtful transactions were taking place. Their attitudes and utterances are determined by this mixture of innocence and connivance. They demand with an air of indomitable and self-righteous patriotism the pursuit, the exposure and the punishment of the guilty people, but they limit guilt to the kind of offence which when proved in court is sufficient to land the offender in jail. And if they are stern and inexorable in the pursuit of the manifest law-breaker, they are no less stern and more self-righteous in protecting against "hysteria" or "snap judgments" the men who had more or less to do with the shady transactions either as spectators or accomplices, but who cannot be sent to jail. As they see it, everybody is spotlessly innocent until he is proved criminally guilty.

President Coolidge has become the spokesman for these scrupulously correct people. He assures his fellow countrymen of his grim determination to punish the guilty, but he is equally emphatic about his obligation to protect the innocent; and the odor of innocence escapes apparently from all the suspects whom a grand jury would refuse to indict. Like most of his kind he erects the law into a haven of refuge for those who cannot be convicted of violating it, and he confuses this legalism with patriotic allegiance to the Constitution. We are witnessing a revival of the practice, so popular during Roosevelt's administration, of idealizing "government by law" as a means of protecting and exonerating moral and political offenders. When they talk about government by law, they really mean government by litigation.

The President has adopted this attitude for reasons similar to those which have persuaded so many business men and politicians to adopt it. They usually have something to conceal. It offers the easiest, most dignified and plausible method of preventing the investigation from becoming inconveniently thoroughgoing. Mr. Coolidge has affiliated with him as part of his administration a number of men who knew what was going on or should have known but who deliberately acted as accomplices or held their peace. If they are closely connected with the scandal in the public mind, its scope will become dangerously comprehensive and may entangle the whole administration or the whole party in public reprobation. It is essential, consequently, to limit the liability for the betrayal of the public trust to those who actually bought or sold public property for their own benefit and to sublimate this limitation of liability by the invocation of time-honored and high-sounding principles. In this way the Republican leaders hope to divert attention from the case of those numerous politicians, business men and officials who were aware that some dirty work was being done but who were perfectly willing to play the part of blameless fools or innocent accomplices.

Little by little the testimony which is being elicited by the Public Lands Committee is proving how many men connected with the oil business, but outside the Doheny and Sinclair groups, were aware of the crookedness or illegality of the leases and either blackmailed the directly guilty or discreetly held their noses and turned their heads. The letter of Mr. H. Foster Bain, the chief of the technical bureau in the Interior Department, is enormously illuminating in this respect. It is one of the most significant but humiliating documents which the investigation has ploughed up. It subjects to a pitiless glare the accommodating state of mind of the officials and the business men who were directly or indirectly concerned in the transaction. It proves the existence of obsequious complaisance on the part of public officials and conscious complicity on the part of adjacent business interests without which the actual crooks would have had much more difficulty in consummating the fraud.

Mr. H. Foster Bain was an expert in the Interior Department who was dispatched to San Francisco in May, 1922, in order to represent the government in arranging certain supplementary business details with the Doheny Company. When he reached San Francisco he was "surprised" to find that the Standard Oil Company had adopted a "technical" instead of a broad-minded and patriotic attitude towards the lease of the California field. The lawyers of the Standard were "positive" that the Interior Department had no legal right to make the lease. This assault upon the lawfulness of the contract, in the carrying out of which Mr. Bain importantly represented the government, did not arouse in his mind any scruples about the justifiability of his own mission to the coast. He was well aware that the proper function of "technical" legal scruples is to protect business men from interference by the government, not to prevent business men from profiting at the public expense. But in this particular case the scruples of the Standard Oil attorney tended to produce consequences far more intolerable to Mr. Bain than the casting of suspicion upon the legality of his own acts. They might cause inconvenience to Mr. Doheny. "None of us," says Mr. Bain in words that express perfectly the spirit in which this transaction was carried on by trustees of the American public interest, "want Mr. Doheny to get

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into trouble and I take it [all of us] will want to do anything we can to make it easy for him."

It was not, however, only Mr. Bain and his associates in the Interior Department who considered it important to make it easy for Doheny. His Standard Oil competitors were almost equally solicitous and accommodating. Mr. Sutro, the Standard Oil lawyer, was, it is true, "positive" the contract was illegal. They as honest men would have nothing to do with it. But at that point their responsibility ended. That the chief competitors of the Standard Oil should make an extremely profitable contract with the federal government without legal authority does not cause Mr. Sutro's employers any discomfort. Mr. Bain reports to his chief that "there was a definite proposal to have one of the smaller oil companies go into court and fight this contract with a view to getting a decision as to what right the department had to make such a bargain." But the management of the Standard Oil Company would not consent. Storey, Vice-President of the company, told Mr. Bain why he objected to the execution of the plan. He felt it would "embarrass the department and would give support to the trouble-makers in Congress."

When public officials and private business men behave in this way can the "regular fellows" in business and politics blame outsiders for being profoundly suspicious of the "system" which produces and defends such behavior? Here was an expert employee of the government whose prevailing idea in doing business with the holder of an enormously profitable concession from the government was to "make it easy" for the concessionaire. The phrase throws a searchlight on the ideals of public service which prevailed in the Interior Department under the directorship of ex-Secretary Fall. But here also was the acting chief of the Standard Oil Company of California whose lawyers were "positive" of the illegality of a contract into which the government had entered with its chief competitor, who in the interest of his stockholders was fully justified in attacking that contract, who knew of a promising way of testing in court the correctness of the opinion of his lawyers and who might be expected as a citizen to have been shocked by the mixture of illegality with private profit in the oil leases. Here was this prominent and responsible business man who deliberately prohibited an appeal to the one proper method of protecting the interests of his stockholders and of the government. But he had his reasons. He would not "embarrass the department." He would not "give support to the trouble-makers in Congress."

There are, unfortunately, thousands of business men in the United States who in Mr. Storey's position would have behaved as he did and for the same reasons. Mr. Storey did not wish to "embarrass the department" because he was doing business with it and hoped the department at the proper time would also "make it easy" for him. He did not wish to "give support to the trouble-makers in Congress" because if they looked too sharply into the relation between the government and the oil industry they might also make trouble for his own company. When the late Mr. Harding was elected, it was understood that the new administration would "make it easy" for all private business and under such circumstances it was only decent for Mr. Storey on his part to "make it easy" for the administration. Business men of his stamp are undoubtedly of the same state of mind now. They are doing their best after the manner of Mr. Storey to suppress the facts which would provide nourishment for trouble-makers like Senators Walsh and La Follette. There is an increasing suspicion that the administration shares Mr. Storey's dislike for people in Congress who are disposed to make trouble on account of illegal but fabulously profitable contracts. The President has not shown an eager disposition to make trouble for those public officials who considered it so extremely important to "make it easy" for Doheny and his like. How soon will Mr. Coolidge recognize that in so far as he seems to act as their protector, he will involve himself in their deserved fate?

The Immigration Question

THERE is no profit in arguing the point whether any restriction of immigration is justifiable. Those who oppose all restrictions take their stand on the moral ground that every human being has an inherent right to choose the place of his domicile, under whatever flag, so long as he observes the laws and conforms himself to the prevailing rules of conduct. Those who favor restriction look beyond the rights of the individual to various social and political values—national homogeneity, a high general standard of living, etc. There is no ground on which the two tendencies of thought can meet. Therefore the struggle between them always ends inconclusively.

We accept the restriction of immigration as a social and political necessity in the present condition of the United States. Most Americans do, we believe. The questions which remain open, within the restrictionist premise, are those of extent and principle of admission. Are we to be governed by immediate economic considerations, admitting immigrants or excluding them according to the state of the employment market? This is the solution that finds favor with the captains of industry. Shall we limit immigration so drastically that in time the proportion of the foreign born in our population may dwindle from the present one-seventh to an insignificant fraction, thus committing ourselves to building up our population from within? And further, shall we discriminate among the nations in such manner as to admit prevailingly those who are most easily assimilat-

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ed? Most restrictionists of a political and social habit of thought favor both the quantitative limitation and selection according to assimilability.

Those principles are applied in the immigration law now in force, restricting immigration from each nationality to three percent of the number resident in this country in 1910. This law works to restrict immigration from southern and eastern Europe. Conjoined with the laws and treaties controlling oriental immigration, it offers pretty fair safeguards against a deluge of unassimilable peoples. Nevertheless, the excess of immigration over emigration for the fiscal year 1923 was 472,000. For 1922 it was only 87,000, but this must be regarded as an abnormally low figure. We may assume that under the operation of a three percent quota the net addition to our population through immigration would normally run between 300,000 and 400,000. This is, roughly, one third of our natural increase. It is no wonder that many Americans regard it as too high, especially in view of the fact that immigrants do not diffuse themselves freely throughout the population, but cluster about a limited number of industries, forming dense colonies not easily penetrated by American influence. This, it is fair to say, is not the immigrant's fault. He does not come here with the intention of clinging to his alien ways. He goes where we put him—or rather, where our captains of industry put him. But recognition of the blamelessness of the immigrant does not abate the seriousness of the problem of the alien colony.

It is such considerations that have impelled the House Committee on Immigration, under the chairmanship of Mr. Johnson of Washington, to present a bill providing for a far more severe restriction on immigration. The most important provisions of the bill are the adoption of the census figures of 1890 as the permanent basis for the nationality quota and the reduction of the quota from three percent to two. Since the great majority of our immigrants from southern and eastern Europe have come since 1890, the adoption of the 1890 census as the quota basis would discriminate heavily against that part of Europe and in favor of northwestern Europe. Quantitatively, the effects of the proposed law are hard to calculate with precision, since we cannot say how far northwestern Europe will fill even its modest quota. But we cannot be far amiss in estimating that the annual net increase in population through immigration will be cut to approximately 200,000.

Two hundred thousand persons of alien habits and mostly of alien speech are perhaps as many as the United States can profitably absorb, at least so long as we leave the work of assimilation to haphazard and often misguided forces. Except the doctrinaire free immigrationists and the employers of large masses of common labor, few persons in America, whether native or foreign born, would object to the quantitative restriction. There is, however, widespread and bitter opposition to the way in which the restriction is effected through the Johnson immigration bill.

The adoption of the 1890 census as the basis of the quota is accepted almost universally as a deliberate discrimination against certain nationalities—Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Czechs, Poles, and Russians—or, to be frank, Russian and Polish Jews. It is viewed as a discrimination ostensibly based on considerations of assimilability, but actually based on the judgment that these races are inferior. The framers of the bill deny any intention of imputing inferiority to certain races, but the popular and pseudo-scientific propaganda for the bill is not so scrupulous. The races of southern and eastern Europe are being charged in popular discussion with every sort of defect and degeneracy. It is loosely asserted that a remarkably large proportion of them stand low in the scale of native intelligence; that crime, insanity and susceptibility to disease is common among them; that they are so diverse in physical and mental type from the north European stock that the mixing of blood, inevitable in time, will produce nothing but wretched mongrels, having the vices but not the virtues of both stocks.

What such a propaganda is doing to set the foreign born and their children against the older American stocks is in evidence on every hand. We have a graver nationality question in America today than we ever had in our history. The chief object of the restriction of immigration is to promote assimilation. No flood of unrestricted immigration could have operated so effectively to check the process of assimilation as the Johnson immigration bill.

We could have attained the results we were seeking in a way that would not have been offensive to any nationality. We should first have fixed the number we would admit—say, 200,000. Then we should have based the quota for the several nations on specific proof of assimilation. A fair proof would be the number of each nationality who had become naturalized. And instead of taking any specific year for a basis, the latest available naturalization statistics should be used. If this plan discriminated in fact against any nationality, the fault would lie squarely with them.

The Johnson bill will be pressed with great vigor, but we doubt that it can pass, unless it is radically amended. We hope that it will fail. Nothing is gained by putting on the statute books a measure which is certain to evoke an increasing volume of bitter discontent. It would be far better to extend the present quota law, with all its inadequacies, until our legislators have had time to work out a measure which will operate to make us a more homogeneous nation, instead of splitting us into a collection of mutually hostile racial stocks.

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The President as Economist

FEW American Presidents have been distinguished by their grasp of economic principles. The unbounded resources of the country have stimulated the imagination of our statesmen instead of cultivating their hard economic sense. The official propaganda, however, has represented Mr. Coolidge as a man short in imagination and long in hard sense. We are now in a position to put this account of his qualities to the test. For in his Lincoln Day address, instead of confining himself to the administrative side of the question of the surtaxes, he plunged deep into the economics of them. Let us see what he brought up.

First, "If we had a tax whereby on the first working day the government took 5 percent of your wages, on the second day 10 percent, on the third day 20 percent, on the fourth day 30 percent, on the fifth day 50 percent, and on the sixth day 80 percent, how many of you would continue to work on the last two days of the week? It is the same with capital." We must suppose that the hypothetical progression in time in the tax on wages appears to the President analogous to progression according to size of income in the higher reaches of the income tax. We forbear from further comment on the logic out of respect for the highest office in the land.

This hypothetical example may have been a sudden inspiration, not to be taken too seriously. Not so the analysis following. A farmer ships a steer. He adds his tax to the price of it. (We are speaking of income taxes now, and the farmer probably pays none, but let that pass.) The tax on the railway transportation (income taxes on railway investors included) is added; the packer's tax, the tanner's, the shoe manufacturer's, the wholesaler's, the retailer's. "So it may be said that if the farmer ultimately wears the shoes he pays everybody's taxes from the farm to his feet."

Of course if that may be said, it may be said as truthfully that the farmer will transfer the tax on his shoes to the next steer he sells, to set in motion a new circle of shifting and so on until shoes cost more than crowns ought to cost nowadays. It is to be noted that the farmer, according to the President's analysis, can shift his taxes. He was the first to do it, in selling the steer.

There is one further point President Coolidge makes by which the quality of his thinking may be tested. Capital will go into tax-exempt securities, he says, thus raising the rate established businesses have to pay for new capital, and resulting in a marked increase in the cost of living. The obvious fact is that capital can't go into tax-exempt securities without driving other capital out of them. If one man buys such securities, another man sells them. What becomes of the money the seller receives? Unless it is devoured in consumption it has to go into industry. And the seller of tax-exempt securities has no more reason for devouring his capital than the buyer had.

From one foot, the ancients said, you could safely infer Hercules. It is possible to infer President Coolidge's economic equipment from these three examples he has given. He knows there is such a thing as progression in taxation, but he is not able to distinguish between progression in time and progression among income classes. He knows there is such a thing as shifting of taxation, but he does not know what taxes can be shifted entirely and what ones can hardly be shifted at all. He knows that shifting may go on and on, and imagines that the process will stop just where he wants it to stop. He knows that capital can move out of one investment into another, but does not know that it is necessary to take account of what becomes of the capital displaced from the second investment.

Every teacher of economics knows exactly in what stage of intellectual development this kind of thinking will be found. It will be found in the elementary class, prior to the combing given by the first serious examinations. After that it sinks under the surface, to rise perhaps, after many years, to exalted heights.

Consider the Post Office

IF there is one belief about the organization of industry more cherished than any other, it is that the profit motive, the spirit of enterprise, and the perfect freedom of the executive, are necessary for effective service. We have been taught that a comparatively small and compact enterprise, competing with others, is the best unit, as far as the public interest is concerned. And of course everyone has heard that employees cannot be driven to their full efforts unless they are removed from the malign influence of trade unions. They must be stimulated on the one hand by differential payment according to production, and on the other by a reservoir of unemployed competing for their jobs.

In view of these assumptions, it may be instructive to take a look at the Post Office Department, which violates every one of the accepted canons. Here is a national industry giving an indispensable public service. In its management there is not a trace of the profit motive. No one in the mail business can hope ever to make a fortune or own productive capital. Its executives are limited in the most important decisions by laws of Congress. It has a complete monopoly of most of its services, extends into every nook and cranny of the nation, and does a business of over half a billion yearly. Its employees are organized in recognized trade unions, their rates of pay are established by law in uniform classifications, and they are protected by civil service regulations from capricious dis-

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charge. Yet no utility—certainly not the railroads or the telephones—has been operated to the greater satisfaction of the public.

This familiar fact is startling enough, when we consider its implications. But still more startling is the fact that alone among the industries of the country, the Post Office has not materially raised its prices since 1914. In a decade when the average of wholesale prices more than doubled, and finally remained over fifty percent above the base level, the executives of any other industry would have given up in despair the attempt to continue operation at all, even at a large deficit, without a substantial increase in the prices of their product. That the Post Office has rendered satisfactory service under these conditions seems little less than a miracle.

The only increase in postal rates since 1914 was that accompanying the zone law for second-class mail matter, and the revenues from second-class matter do not altogether make up more than six percent of total postal receipts. The extra revenue so gained was probably counterbalanced by an extension of the size limit for parcels post, the larger parcels being subject to lower rates in proportion to their weight than the small ones. Parcels post accounts for about seventy percent of the volume of the mails. The extra postage during the war was a tax, which was turned over to the Treasury.

It is true that postal operations have shown a deficit for the past few years, the loss for 1923 being about $23,000,000. But it is equally true that if rates had been increased as the value of the dollar declined, every year would have shown a large surplus. The average of wholesale prices was in 1923 about fifty-seven percent above the 1913 level. An increase of fifty-seven percent in 1923 postal revenues would have occasioned a surplus of nearly $280,000,000.

The causes of this remarkable achievement include the natural advantages of a great public monopoly and the skilful management exercised by post office officials. The largest cause, however, is the devotion to public service and the personal sacrifice of the postal employees. We may take the letter carriers as an example. These conscientious public servants have suffered far more than the workers in private industry from the discrepancy between their salaries and the rising cost of living. Not once since the beginning of the World War has the purchasing power of the highest grade letter carrier been equivalent to the $1,200 salary established before 1914. In June, 1920, his annual purchasing power, in terms of 1913 dollars, had fallen to $762.12. In spite of several small increases his real wage is now fourteen percent lower than in 1913, while the average manufacturing wage-earner has gained about twenty-five percent in purchasing power over the prewar level.

While he has been enduring this hardship, the amount of work performed by the average postal employee has materially increased. The volume of mail, indicated roughly by the growth of postal receipts, has increased eighty-five percent since 1914. The number of letter carriers has increased only twenty-four percent. Thus the productivity of the average carrier has increased nearly fifty percent in the decade. This is due in a slight measure to mechanical aids such as partial motorization of delivery. It is chiefly due, however, to the personal efforts of the carriers, who have strained every nerve to make up for the shortage of man power in the Department. The same comment may be made on every other branch of the service.

This record furnishes a smashing answer to those who argue that efficiency of labor must depend on the "motives" familiar to the traditional economist. A more severe test of performance in the absence of such motives could hardly be conceived. The Post Office has not even been a leader in the progressive type of management which seeks to enlist the creative impulses of the worker. But the record furnishes no answer whatever to the argument that government bureaucracy is a close-fisted employer. On the basis of this record, the wage-earners have far greater cause than the profiteers to denounce public ownership.

The people have tested the loyalty of the postal employees much too severely, and should hasten to make amends by supporting the Kelly-Edge bill for salary increases. Its total addition to postal expenses would be about $110,000,000. This could be met by an increase in rates far smaller than the general rise in prices. A twenty-five percent addition to postal revenues would be ample to cover the higher salaries and reëstablish a surplus. If the public does not wish to pay such a moderate and deserved advance for the service it receives, it should cheerfully bear in taxes the burden of decent remuneration. This burden, distributed over all taxpayers, would hardly be noticed.

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Gold in 1923

RECENT discussions about the future of gold lend special interest to Messrs. Samuel Montagu & Co.'s annual Bullion letter. Almost the whole of the world's output of gold is absorbed by India and the United States. "In neither country," Messrs. Montagu point out, "is the gold put into circulation as currency. In the former it is regarded as a precious metal bearing a ratio towards rupees differing from that set up by the Imperial Government of the country. In the latter, it is interned in the Reserve of the Federal Banks, and its accumulation watched with anxious care, lest it should operate to the prejudice of prices and trade. In other words, the United States is suffering to some extent from the trouble that afflicted King Midas."

The output of gold in the British Empire and the rest of the world respectively has been distributed as follows:

	(000's omitted)			
Transvaal	$194,000	$149,000	$172,500	$173,500
Canada	25,000	26,000	19,500	16,500
Australasia	16,500	18,500	21,000	23,500
Rhodesia	13,500	14,000	12,500	11,500
India	9,000	9,000	10,000	10,500
West Africa	4,500	4,500	4,500	5,000
British Empire Total	$262,500	$221,000	$240,000	$240,500
Rest of the World	100,000	99,000	100,000	106,000
World's Total	$362,500	$320,000	$340,000	$346,500

The stock of gold now held in the United Kingdom is:

Bank of England	$630,000,000
Currency Note Reserve	135,000,000
Total	$765,000,000

The rest of the British Empire holds a visible stock of $525,000,000, distributed as follows:

Australia	$124,000,000
New Zealand	39,500,000
Canada	191,000,000
South Africa	55,000,000
India	111,500,000
Straits Settlements	4,000,000
	$525,000,000

The United States, on the other hand, now holds more than five times as much gold as the whole of the British Empire, namely, $3,920,000,000, made up of:

U. S. Treasury	$727,500,000
Federal Reserve Banks	$3,192,500,000

During 1923 gold imports into the United States have proceeded at a rate of some $25,000,000 (net) monthly. Not a dollar of this was wanted, and the gold reserves of the Federal Reserve System have now reached the unprecedented figure of eighty percent of their note-issue and deposits combined. Thus it has cost the United States during the past year about $420,000,000 to maintain gold at a purely artificial value (made up of about $120,000,000 interest on idle reserves and $300,000,000 for fresh redundant gold imported). Yet if the United States were to close its mints to the reception of further gold, everything would go on exactly as before, except that an additional $300,000,000 of capital reserves would have been available during the year for use in other forms. It cannot be reasonable to suppose that this sort of thing will continue indefinitely. For example, it will take less than three years at the present rate—assuming that inflation is successfully avoided—for the gold of the Federal Reserve Banks to reach 100 percent of their liabilities. What will they do then? They must close their mints to gold, or suffer an involuntary inflation.

If, under the pressure of such circumstances, the United States were to close its mints to the reception of imported gold—which could be done without upsetting any American interest and without interfering with the convertibility of American legal-tender money into gold—the producers of gold elsewhere would probably have to accept the Bank of England price for the bulk of their output. In this case sterling would immediately recover its full gold value while remaining at a discount on the dollar. And unless Great Britain was prepared to step into America's shoes and waste her money on bottling up gold (which she certainly could not afford), she also would be faced with the alternative of closing her mints to gold or suffering an involuntary inflation.

These ideas may be based on an extreme hypothesis. But they illustrate how precarious the future of gold now is, and what a cataract of superstition must cloud the eyes of those who think it reasonable to assume as a matter of course that the future value of gold in these altered conditions will be governed by just the same sort of considerations as before the war.

Some say that the large interest of the British Empire in gold-mining, as shown in the above figures, is a reason why Great Britain should strain herself to maintain the value of gold. If we are to abandon arguments about the general social advantages of a sound currency for calculations of this kind, it is worth pointing out that the British debt to America is fixed in gold, that the annual burden of this is several times as large as her annual profits from gold-mining, and that every

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fall in the value of gold lightens this burden.

It would be rash to prophesy the future of an object to which the human race has been so anciently attached as gold. But the situation is peculiar. Only twice before have we had a state of affairs comparable with that produced by the dissipation, through the war, of the temple hoards (i. e., bank reserves) of Europe;—once when Alexander pillaged the bank reserves (i. e., temple hoards) of Persia, again when Spain pillaged those of Mexico and Peru. On each occasion, there followed a catastrophic fall in the value of the sacred metal. If we are to judge the present situation by experience, we must cover a longer range of history than the City quotes; if we are to judge it by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold.

Currency reform has two objects: to remedy the credit cycle and to mitigate unemployment and all the evils of uncertainty; and to link the monetary standard to what matters, namely, the value of staple articles of consumption, instead of to an object of oriental splendor, it is true, and one to which Egyptian and Chaldaean bank directors attributed magical properties, but not otherwise useful in itself and precarious in its future prospects. The time may come when currency reformers will appear plainly, not as suspects of inflation, but as the only safeguard against it.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

Why They Cleaned Up Philadelphia

FOR twenty years, Philadelphia, in a quiet, unassuming way, has been the most vicious city in the United States. A few blocks north of cold and eminent Chestnut Street from North Eighth Street eastward to the sullied waters of the Delaware, a lurid Tenderloin has reeled on its drunken, noisy way oblivious of a changing world outside. Sailors and Marines, stupid from cheap liquor, have been calmly blackjacked when they proved reluctant customers. Uniformed police of the paunchy, flat-footed type long since gone by in other cities have mingled on the hurdy-gurdy streets with "girls" from open brothels, gunmen, "drunks," and shambling shadows hawking "coke." Like flat white worms, the police of Philadelphia have grown fatter on these people. Murders in Philadelphia lost their "news value." They were too frequent. For twenty years Chestnut Street with the rest of sober Philadelphia has held its trim skirts over the sore and to outsiders Philadelphia became known as "slow." This belief became so general that vaudeville actors in Philadelphia music halls got indulgent laughs from Philadelphia audiences with the same taunt. Then came "Duckboard" Butler of the Marines.

"Duckboard" Butler announced he was going to "clean up." Philadelphia believed it was to be another little local rumpus—one of those things. The Tenderloin prepared to shut down for two weeks. The word was passed, as it is at the beginning of every new administration. But things did not go as they expected. "Duckboard" Butler came in with the new Mayor, W. Freeland Kendrick, an opera bouffe uniform of blue and gold with a flaring red lining to its cape—and the war correspondents.

The war correspondents were out-of-town newspaper men. They made of Brigadier-General Smedley D. Butler a national figure over night and they made of Philadelphia the naughty town it has been for twenty years. There is a considerable group of the sophisticated of Philadelphia who believe that had it not been for the war correspondents history might have repeated itself and Philadelphia would have been cleaned up—for two weeks only. They would believe it any way if the two weeks had not passed already and the blue and gold uniform were not still flashing in and out of the office of the Director of Public Safety on the second floor of City Hall.

To understand what "Duckboard" Butler is trying to do and to what extent he is succeeding, one must understand Philadelphia. It is still an old-fashioned city in the political sense. There is only one party in Philadelphia. That is the "machine," Republican of course. The "machine" was perfected by Boies Penrose and inherited by his successors. It operates on the old iron wheels of the past generation. It is built on the saloon keeper, the "madame" of the brothel, and the gambler. These people have influence; they can deliver votes. As long as they are permitted to remain open they will produce the votes regularly to the machine ward leader. If they were closed and kept closed the ward leader's power would dissolve; the machine would collapse in that district. But there is no other political party to come in and pick up the disgruntled votes. For that reason the "machine" can close Philadelphia and keep it closed without being wrecked.

The "machine" in Philadelphia is one of the last of those in the large cities built on such a structure. With Prohibition, Tammany in New York City shifted its liaison with vice to one with big business. The "graft" is much bigger and more "honest," therefore less dangerous. The hold on the voters is kept by jobs, coal for widows and packages of flour. The saloon keeper as a political power has been brushed aside. What Tammany did the "machines" of every other large

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city in the country did—except Philadelphia. Philadelphia was slow. There was enough internal controversy in the "machine" to make each of the constantly shifting groups afraid to try the experiment. The sophisticates of Philadelphia are beginning to believe that the experiment is started. The old political structure is being torn down.

Vice lends "color" to Philadelphia. Part of the "color" is the Midnight Club. Its members are the true sophisticates of Philadelphia. They are as strange a mixture of personalities as were ever washed together in the backflow of a great city. They meet every night in the lobby of one of the fashionable—and respectable—hotels. In a corner of the lobby they draw up chairs and whisper hoarsely to each other. Promptly at midnight they disappear.

Only the members of the Midnight Club and their rare guests know where they go after they drift out on the street from the hotel lobby. It was the privilege of the writer to be one of the newspaper men from New York who were permitted to join this group while "Duckboard" Butler was "cleaning up." The meetings were held each night in the home of one of the most prominent members, a huge, good natured man who has been for many years on the inner fringe of politics without protruding into public view. These meetings are about a little card table in a room tucked safely behind many closed doors. Here the whispers of the lobby become loud-voiced talk. Through it runs a curious current of political gossip, rumor and fact which never finds its way into the daily papers.

Much that comes to the Midnight Club is untrue. Some of it is true. Here was known the address and the name of every large operator in poker chips, women, drugs and booze. As the raids of "Duckboard" Butler's army of paunchy policemen were reported the Midnight Club studied them and interpreted them into what the whole campaign meant from the political viewpoint.

Their lurid description of Philadelphia before Butler came is supported by the police themselves. Not once did the police, from Superintendent William Mills down, attempt to refute the charges that Philadelphia had been running wild for years. Mills had been superintendent nine years. He admitted Philadelphia had never been "cleaned up" before. He admitted left handedly that policemen had been taking bribes, by saying that all those who had, would not be held accountable for bribes taken before noon Monday, January 7. Asked why the police had not "cleaned up" before, he thundered:

> I won't discuss anything before noon Monday. It was a new police force at noon Monday. I was a new Superintendent at noon Monday. There is going to be no more politics in the police force.

He admitted the police knew where the law had been violated by saying that the list of the places had been turned over to Butler. Only three weeks before Butler came Mills told a New York newspaper correspondent that it was "impossible to clean up Philadelphia, the way the courts are clogged." But when Butler waved his wand at "noon Monday" everything changed. Mills told the writer that it not only was possible to clean up Philadelphia but that it was being done.

The attitude of the police is perhaps best shown by the statement of a police lieutenant in command of a tough district when asked if the places in his district had been closed by Butler and how it had been accomplished.

"I just went around and told the boys," he said naïvely, "they had to close and stay closed until they got the word."

Hardly anyone in Philadelphia—Butler was little known there—believed he intended to close the town and keep it closed. No one discussed the prospect of his making Philadelphia a moral city. They discussed his "game"—the motive for his coming, and the end he had in view.

In each group his "clean-up" was interpreted differently. The underworld believed, and still believes that the "show" is intended solely to put up the price of "protection." Respectable Philadelphia disliked the notoriety and dismissed the whole proceeding with a shrug and the all-inclusive epithet "politics." The police, when their director was in hearing, talked loudly of it as a real "clean-up." Behind his back they were frankly bewildered and annoyed. When at the end of his first "forty-eight hour time limit" he suspended some of the oldest men on the force, men who could claim friendship with the all-powerful Congressman Bill Vare, the police decided Butler was crazy. He wasn't playing the game according to the rules. He was a poor sport. He had some hidden and nefarious purpose. What, they could not say. Their whole world was rocking too dizzily beneath them to permit a calm analysis.

In the end, everyone agreed it must be "politics." But they did not know the amazing fact that the "politicians" themselves were puzzled. If Butler "cleaned up," the lesser figures in political life felt their precarious power would collapse. What would happen when all the powerful underworld leaders, who get out the vote, were angered and out of business? They turned to Bill Vare for comfort. He, they said, would put a quick stop to this. Distracted ward leaders waited for his return from Washington. They'd talk to Bill and he'd soon tell Kendrick to drag off his sea dog.

Bill Vare came back from Washington in the midst of Butler's most spectacular raids and police suspensions. The "boys" rushed to him, one by one. And each came out from their short interviews, mumbling, dazed. Bill Vare, who held

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Philadelphia in the palm of his wet hand, had waved them quietly out the door, smiling and saying "We're all back of Butler." The whole world was mad.

They went to Charlie Hall. Charlie has little power although he is president of the City Council. But in the recent past he had questioned Bill's authority. Charlie too talked in patriotic high sounding phrases. "The best thing for Philadelphia," "Take politics out of the police force," "We're going to make the town clean." It was all too confusing for an ordinary ward leader, who had worked his way up from the bottom by "knowing men."

"Big politics" they whispered, unconvinced and unconvincing.

To these sophisticated gentlemen the most extraordinary thing is not Butler but Kendrick. You might expect anything from a Marine. But Kendrick was a politician. He was raised by the machine. He had always been a good fellow. Just a few days before he became Mayor he'd take a glass of beer with any man. They told how he'd been at the last dinner of a well known social club. Why should he bring in the mad Marine? Was he defying the machine believing he'd gain enough personal popularity from a disgusted Philadelphia to beat the organization single-handed?

No one questioned Butler's sincerity. They always dismissed him with the explanation "He's a Marine." But Kendrick was different. He ought to know better. Not once was it suggested he might have no other motive than to fulfill his campaign promises to make Philadelphia clean.

To the Midnight Club the explanation does not seem especially complex.. They call it plain politics. Their reasoning is about as follows:

Governor Pinchot has controlled Pennsylvania. He is a radical Republican. If he keeps control, the Pennsylvania delegation to the next Republican national convention would vote for a radical Republican—not for Coolidge.

Kendrick is a conservative Republican. If he can get control Pennsylvania's delegation would go to Coolidge. He can get control by cleaning up Philadelphia after Pinchot failed to do it. Butler's father, Congressman Thomas D. Butler, is a conservative Republican. He would influence his son to help in any scheme to advance the Coolidge interests.

The fact that Pinchot is said to be relinquishing control of Pennsylvania and is not expected now to go to the convention is interpreted by Philadelphia's sophisticates as only one proof of the success of Kendrick's manoeuvre and another victory for the Marines.

This explanation would account for Kendrick, but not for Bill Vare. Why have the latter and his big political friends met the situation so cheerfully? The machine has never been noticeably altruistic. Why should it sacrifice itself for "regular" Republicanism, or to further Kendrick's ambitions?

The explanation, which seems the only true one, is that the "machine," satisfied that the structure would be pulled down anyway in the interest of national politics, had decided to change its foundations. Let Kendrick take politics out of the Police Department, they seem to reason, and let politics go into the traction business, the bus business, the electric and water power business.

For these reasons the clean up seemed a real one—in intention. During the early weeks a few places, mostly social clubs, continued selling liquor. But the faro and poker tables were against the wall; the prostitutes had left the houses and were roaming the streets; the drug sellers had scuttled to cover. It had not seeped down to them yet that the "boys" were sincere. They still expected to open when they got the word.

But aside from politics there were elements in the situation confronting Butler which threatened to prevent him from keeping Philadelphia closed, no matter what the vigor of his intention. Both these, it now appears, are working against him and promise to undo a large part of his efforts.

He disregarded legal procedure in closing places reported to him as illegal. His theory, borrowed from his career in the Marines, knew only the phrase "Raid 'em." His men did not wait for warrants. When one lieutenant did wait an extra day for warrants he was suspended. Once closed, Butler placed before the doors of many of these places policemen who would let no one enter except the owner and his family. If they protested they wanted to open a restaurant to replace the saloon, the answer was "Get out of the district." Butler soon ran head on into the cumbersome legal machinery he despised and hoped to discard.

Magistrates, in sympathy with his intention, were forced by his methods to discharge prisoners who had been arrested illegally. The weapon of the injunction was brandished at him. Proprietors satisfied at last that Butler was sincere and the old influences would not help them, turned to the courts which they had despised as heartily as he had. One by one places have opened again. Butler like Dewey cut the wires of authority behind him and was on his own. But this was not war. Without the law even a Marine can't make much headway in civilian life. Butler's clean up is dying of its own disease. It is even reported he is tired and wants to quit and go back to the Marines.

Another obstacle Butler had to face was that he had to depend upon an admittedly corrupt police for information of places to be raided. He knew nothing of Philadelphia's underworld or politics. The suspicion has grown that he has been "steered" and that a large part of the town has reopened without his knowledge. Out-of-town

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newspapermen had little trouble getting a drink a few days ago where three weeks ago they found only deserted bars.

Granted that the "boys" intend to clean up Philadelphia they have only started down a long and twisting road.

Perhaps the greatest reason the sophisticates refuse to believe a real "clean up" was intended is the method adopted by Butler. It is bizarre. It is absurd. The moment he became Director of Public Safety he started off on a run and has been running ever since, his brilliant red-lined cape flying behind him. He has made tours of inspection through the underworld, widely advertised in advance. His great police car has rushed, siren hooting, through the Tenderloin with the little man in the gold and blue uniform in the back seat with his wife—on inspection.

"Police unions?" he asked. "They're all over. Vice squads? That's finished. Training schools? We'll do away with those."

His method of talking in gasps is so extreme it seems affected. Furthermore he doesn't look the part. His hawk nose seems much too big for his slight, wiry figure. He looks like a retired parson tricked out in a costume for a masked ball.

It is pointed out perfectly truly that he did not need to be spectacular to clean up Philadelphia. Raids were unnecessary. His dizzy dashes about the city in the roaring automobile were superfluous. The underworld is controlled by a few. All he had to do was to call in a few men and tell them "Gentlemen, the town must be closed." It would have been.

But if he had done that Philadelphia would not have stepped into the limelight. Butler would have remained comparatively unknown. The U. S. Marine Corps would have lost a wonderful chance to interest young men in recruiting posters. Kendrick would not have got national publicity. And at the next Republican national convention Kendrick might not be able to stand up and shout: "Pennsylvania is for Coolidge."

OLIVER H. P. GARRETT.

Sousa

DO you people in the metropolis have Sousa and his band? If you do, I don't believe you know anything about it. Out in the provinces we receive him gratefully, and applaud everything in his enormous programs from the xylophone artist to the "classical" number at the close. We think Sousa is an institution like the Chautauqua. You probably turn up your noses at him. You have to live in La Crosse, Wisconsin, or Austin, Texas, to know what Sousa really is.

Of course you are too high-brow to like bands. You want your artists hot from Europe—people with unpronounceable names who make us vaguely uncomfortable. Sometimes we honestly would like to hear them, and then, at the Thanatopsis Club, one lady will whisper to another lady something about the advantages of a big city. But mostly when one of your artists "tours" he makes us uneasy. We feel that we ought to be up to the program and aren't.

But bands are different. There is something comfortable and solid about a band. There is never any doubt about the musical *meaning* of a band. For one thing they can make such tiny noises, and then such perfectly tremendous noises, and yet stay so cool and self-possessed about it. After one of the fortissimo passages you can see everybody in the house expand and look affably around him. If we dared, we would smile. But of course we don't.

And then, a good many of us have been in a band. We know cornets and trombones and tubas; we don't know about these strange instruments that symphony orchestras have.

We rather feel that Sousa is our institution. We invented him, and we propose to cling to him. He is our affirmation of life. While you people go on publishing all these dreadful things about sex and atheism and immorality, we go to Sousa and feel that things must be all right with the United States. Edgar Lee Masters may be all right for high-brows, but we secretly regret the passing of Richard Harding Davis. Davis had a flair. And when Sousa comes it is as though the Richard Harding Davis epoch weren't really dead. There it is on the platform before you, immortal and unchanged.

We don't want any nonsense about our music. It isn't American to put on airs. Sousa knows that. He knows just how we feel. Why shouldn't he? We invented him. When he gives a program, it's a program. None of these long pauses between numbers that make you so afraid that the lady on your right is going to say something unintelligible about "tonal color." When Sousa plays, he *plays*.

What we secretly admire about Sousa is his remorseless efficiency. His program just clicks along like a great, shining machine. One bow to the audience—and none of your foreign bows either, but a stiff American bow as if he were just as uncomfortable about bowing as we are—and then he turns around and without any foolishness about getting ready, the band begins. And when the soloist comes, he (or she) steps forward and plays or sings, and bows, once to the audience, once to Sousa, and retires. Right at the edge of the platform Sousa calls her back with a glance, and then there is an encore—Beethoven's Minuet or Dixie.

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Sousa watches her all the time. Sometimes we can even see Sousa telling her to go back. Sousa is boss. We like that.

And then there is no nonsense about this business of conducting either. We have seen conductors who made a perfect spectacle of themselves. So un-American. But Sousa is one of ourselves. We made him. He doesn't go in for gyrations or wild gestures. Just enough swing to his arms to let us know he is there on the job. The band could just as well play without him. Drill, that is. We like that. And then when the number is over (sometimes before) Sousa takes the score off his desk and puts it on the shelf, and gets the next score ready. We know we are going to get through on time and go home.

And those white gloves of his. We like them too. They're not obtrusive—like a dress suit—but they show that he's the conductor and has put them on for our benefit. There is subtle flattery in that. Besides, they keep the music clean.

We like the program, too. We have heard it so many times that we know exactly what to expect. First, a "classic" number to make us feel right because, after all, music is music. And another "classical piece" at the end—a short one. And there is always one new Sousa composition in the middle of the first part, and a second in the middle of the second part—a shorter one. The amazing man—how does he write all these things! And four soloists—two men and two women. And later on, when everybody gets loosened up, then come the stunts. Sometimes the tuba section plays all by itself. Or the piccolos. Or the band wanders back after the intermission man by man, sort of tooting around, and first thing you know, they're all there, playing a regular piece. Been playing it all the time. Sousa put something over on us that time. We adore it.

And then this business of musical composition. Before Sousa comes to town we read in the papers that he thinks a good beef-steak is the best inspiration an artist can have. Well! After all this talk about the right of artists to freedom and all that sort of thing, we think this is refreshing. Or he tells us how he discovered his soloist for the year out in Nebraska, and that she is a typical American girl. Or how he thinks that Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean is a darned good tune, and how he is broadcasting it with his band. We wish we had some of these New York musical critics here to tell them what we think of them after that.

But what we really go for is the marches. Wouldn't anybody go that wasn't deaf? They are kept for encores. You know how it is done—or rather you don't know. The band starts playing something irritatingly familiar, and just when you're about crazy trying to remember what it is, a man comes out holding a big placard, U. S. Field Artillery March, King Cotton, Liberty Belle. Gracious, it's exciting. Only, we wish he wouldn't hold up a placard for Stars and Stripes Forever. We know that tune backward. Some of us mistake it for the national anthem.

O those marches! I don't suppose you hear them in New York. Talk about your Strauss waltzes and Vienna, our notion of national music is a good, lively Sousa march. Nobody plays them quite the way Sousa does. Not the same zip to them. You just want to rise out of your chair and yell. But of course you don't.

How long has that man been writing marches, anyway? Forever? We hope so. We don't think he will ever die, because he is ourselves. He is an institution with us like Ford cars and the school reader and Fourth of July. He is a living proof that America is all right. Let decadent Germany and militaristic France go their ways. We don't care. We want Sousa. We like him.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Actual Willow

Once when I looked at willows, I would say,
"Thin-fingered women are underneath that hair!"
Or, at the close of a quieter day,
A flock of tall birds would seem standing there
On single legs, heads tucked in for the night
Under gray-green plumage—
"Willow, willow is the note
If roots turn claws, and boughs go up in flight!"
Or, "A river-woman with a long white throat
Will come if I call 'Willow!'"
So I would say
When I looked at willows once—But today,
The actual willow, the fact of a tree
Seems fanciful and beautiful enough for me.

Dwelling

I can never make you the perfect home
That the bee builds in her many-roomed honeycomb
With its gilt glass cupboards and its ivory floors,
And its immaculate, softly-closed doors.

Nor would I ever paper the white hut
Of a windowless cocoon to keep you shut
Breathless from the world, so entombed in me
That you would sleep away your own identity.

But from the cobweb-carpenters your spouse
Selects the softest tools, though building you a house,
Seems such an exquisitely dangerous thing,
There is no plan beyond this silken scaffolding.

Proud Shanties

Shanties, silvering themselves along the beaches,
Like heaps of old shells that the tide washes in,
The coarse grasses and the sea-gulls' screeches
And the sound of the sea have scraped thin.
Shanties are sure that they are shells when sunset-tinted,
Or filmed by fog in an opalescent swirl—
And in moonlight, when every grain of sand is glinted,
It's plain that they feel capable of pearl.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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Coolidge in the Scales

LET us look in the shifting tea leaves while the jury is out and see if we can get any intimation of what the verdict will be as it affects Mr. Coolidge. By way of first aid let us look into the Republican Campaign Text Book of 1920, surely an authentic and unimpeachable source, and read what Colonel John Calvin Coolidge says about his eminent son:

"It always seemed as though Cal could get more syrup out of a maple tree than any boy I ever knew."

But can he get blood out of a turnip? That is the job that he now confronts. Miracles do not happen any more; at least, not in politics. It is a reassuring and comforting thought at this juncture and stopping point in our slow and irregular progress toward the millennium. No man, in public life and high office can live through crises and upheavals such as this one at Washington without having his capacities, qualities, moral stature and degree of intellectual enlightenment truly and accurately assayed in the furnace of popular judgment.

Even the restrained Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania concedes that "The people of the country are at this moment suffering from acute shock. The credit of public men has received a staggering blow. In the eyes of multitudes of people, public men here in Washington, quite irrespective of party, are looked upon as badly bespattered. Something like an explosion has occurred, sir, very near the foundations of the Capitol. . . ."

The explosion which Mr. Pepper has heard "occurred" precisely between the wood shed and the kitchen. In its effect it has as profoundly affected the foundations of the White House as of the Capitol. It has diminished and impaired the stature of the legendary or mythical Calvin Coolidge who is to be presented to the Republican National Convention in June and, if nominated, to the country next November. Now that a breach has been made in the protective coloration of our study it is not too much to hope that before next autumn all the ceremonial wrappings will have been cleared away and that the real Coolidge will stand out for appraisal and judgment. At any rate, a minority report is being framed by those who agree with Abe Martin that "bunk won't hurt you if you don't inhale it." It is confidently believed that the country will accept the report before the summer is over. This confidence is based on the same rock on which the Republic is founded, and that is the essential soundness of matured popular opinion when it has the facts on which to base a judgment—the belief that you can't fool all the people all the time.

The men who are about Mr. Coolidge and who are assisting in their several ways to promote his ambition to be elected President are, with a few exceptions, not moved by love or loyalty or devotion to their hero. The removed Mr. Lodge could bear up under the blow if Mr. Coolidge should be irised out of the picture. So could Mr. Weeks. They have never been his political friends in Massachusetts. The cynical Mr. Moses, the severely practical Mr. Watson and that shadowed figure Mr. C. Bascom Slemp are not sentimentalists about their candidate. The list might be enumerated to great lengths.

The attitude of all these patriots is the detached one of the man in the dining car who ordered a broiled lobster and was brought one with one claw missing. The passenger pointed out the deficiency. The waiter explained that the lobsters were so full of life and vitality, in such good condition and high spirits that they fought among themselves, and that in one of these combats this one now on the table had lost a claw.

"Well," said the passenger, such being his nature, "in that case, bring me a winner."

And such, I venture to report, is the precise spirit and attitude of Mr. Coolidge's supporters in the "organization." If the edges of his ambitions should be ever so delicately frosted and curled by the chill winds now blowing over the garden of presidential aspirants these shrewd and selfish political horticulturists would plough him under without a pang.

It will have been noted by all those persons who have kept closely informed about what has been said and done at Washington since the oil lease scandal became the sole topic of public consideration, how restrained and perfunctory have been the comments about Mr. Coolidge. He is not implicated in the faintest degree in any wrong doing. No one could be found to believe that a tainted penny ever found its way to his pocket. His personal integrity has not been affected by the disclosures but his "availability" as a candidate for the presidency has been hurt. His supporters know it. They are watching with shrewd cold eyes to see how badly he has been hurt.

Except Frank Stearns, and maybe one or two others, they have no illusions about Mr. Coolidge. He is not to them a great idealist, or a man of noble constructive vision, but a hard-boiled politician like themselves with an extraordinary record of success in obtaining and holding successive public offices. If he has come to the end of his good luck, if he has played out his string there are no ties that bind them to him.

Under the rigid set of rules that govern political reporting it is forbidden to quote the private un-

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guarded and realistic comments that are being made about Mr. Coolidge by men who are nominally and for public consumption championing his ambition, but they may be summed up:

"If he can get away with this and disassociate himself in the public mind from all this mess he can get away with anything."

But they have noted with some apprehension that the real Mr. Coolidge has not betrayed the characteristics or the ability to get on top of a situation attributed to the legendary Mr. Coolidge. They have seen him privately and have not found the cool, austere man of legend in full command of himself and all his resources, resolute and alert to meet and subdue any large emergency. They have found instead a rather huddled-up little figure, much dismayed, wondering and asking what he should do, his thoughts in disarray and considerably disturbed by the sudden breaking of the storm. They did not find a cool and confident mariner at the wheel. He has somewhat recovered his composure since the first blast, but he has proved to the insiders that he lacks the stuff to meet and to handle a real crisis. When the test came he showed irresolution.

Mr. Coolidge nor any of his associates saw this scandal coming though it has been in the making for four years. When it broke there were some who wanted to brazen it out, concede nothing and affirm that the leases were in the public interest. Mr. Coolidge did not say a word until he had to, and then, perturbed and agitated and a little panicky, he gave out his midnight statement. But even then he betrayed neither shock, concern nor indignation at the disclosures that have so immediately affected his political fortunes. Nor has he since and his idolaters can only say by way of explanation that he is no "sentimentalist."

The record is being spread for all to read. Public opinion will decide. It has brought in a verdict against Doheny, Fall and Sinclair. Fairly or unfairly, it has registered disapproval of Denby and McAdoo, not for crimes but for blunders. It suspends judgment on Mr. Coolidge. Political prophecy is gratuitous folly but Mr. Coolidge is a member of the right or reactionary wing of his party and that wing or group or element is responsible for the present scandal in which the President is not a participant. It may be that when the history of the past four years is ventilated this summer that the voters will want to keep in power the same group now in control who are supporting Mr. Coolidge, but I don't believe it.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Economics and Statesmanship

IN recent issues of the English Nation Sir William H. Beveridge, the distinguished director of the London School of Economics, suggested the establishment of a new bureau in the British government: a general intelligence division for economic problems. This economic general staff, consisting of a group of economic experts not engaged in administration and not attached to any one department, would be expected and entitled to comment on the technical side of all important proposals which originated with any special department and which raised questions of economic fact or analysis. It would explore on its own initiative the chief economic problems of the day and submit, both on its own initiative and at the request of the government, analyses of the problems, information about them and alternative solutions of them. As a non-political body it would have no more responsibility for final decisions on policy than the general staff of an army has upon the decisions which result in war or peace. Its opinions and reports would not be published and nobody outside the government would be entitled to ask what they contained. Its task would be to prepare plans based on full information and trustworthy analysis which would enable the government to respond specifically and successfully to public economic needs.

What are we to think of Sir William Beveridge's proposal? Are economic experts worthy of the confidence which he asks government to place in them? If they are, is the setting up of an economic general staff in the administrative branch of the government the best method of placing the truths of economics at the service of statesmen?

I doubt it. The creation of an economic general staff would presuppose a dubious relation between the science of economics and the art of government. Under this arrangement the economic truth which the general staff would serve to government would, like popular Christianity, be the kind of truth which government could invoke or ignore according to the dictates of its convenience. No doubt governments have in the past consistently acted on some such theory. Statesmen or politicians have almost always been able to summon to their assistance as much economic authority as they needed to give superficial scientific respectability to some or any official economic policy which was usually determined by political motives. If Sir William Beveridge's proposal were adopted this marriage of convenience between economics and statesmanship would be incorporated into the state administrative structure. Economic science would accept the position of being irrelevant to government or of serving as its valet just as government pleased. Government would recognize its need of valetting by economic experts, but it would preserve its freedom to embark on many irresponsible journeys along primrose paths without being bothered by the attentions of its servant. The most carefully considered, the most completely informed, the most finely tempered and delicately adjusted body of economic truth in a nation would become the secret property of the government, and the government itself rather than public opinion would decide whether or not or how far it should determine public policy.

Yet there is something clarifying and refreshing about Sir William Beveridge's proposal which points towards the attainment in the future of a more constructive relationship between the science of economics and the art of gov-

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ernment. If in the past economic truth has been the kind of truth which government could invoke or ignore as its convenience dictated, economists were as much to blame for the existence of this sterile and dubious relationship as were statesmen. Economic science, as it was taught in the schools, was largely irrelevant or ambiguous to the problems and activities of statesmanship. Sir William Beveridge's proposal assumes at least that by means of research into the results of economic activity it is possible to keep economic truth more closely related than it has been to the hazardous decisions and the necessary experiments of practical politics. The question is whether it can be shaped so as to press economics into the service of statesmanship without condemning economic experts to act as the accomplices of what they believe to be economic untruth or popular misinformation.

From this point of view there is virtue in a recent experimental American attempt to discover what economic science has to say about the problems of statesmanship. A group of economists and others established in Washington not long ago under the directorship of Mr. Harold G. Moulton an Institute of Economics. The Carnegie Corporation supplied the funds, but in doing so it expressly abandoned future control over the conduct of the Institute. The object of the foundation is that of "ascertaining the facts about current economic problems and of interpreting those facts for the people of the United States in the most simple and understandable form." Its organization consists of a Board of Trustees containing such men as Robert S. Brookings, Arthur T. Hadley, David F. Houston, Bolton Smith, James J. Storrow and Paul M. Warburg and an Administrative Council of four economists. The Trustees bear the same relation to the work of the Institute that the trustees of a university bear to the work of its scientific investigators. The Council and the members of the staff assume full responsibility for the Institute's research and the publications.

It has adopted and has now well under way a group of economic investigations which are intended in every case to throw light on more or less immediately critical questions of public economic policy. Research bureaus usually avoid the public exploration of highly contentious political and economic problems. They investigate subjects such as the distribution of the national income—subjects which surely need to be investigated but whose ventilation indirectly and ambiguously bears upon current questions of public policy. The Washington Institute of Economics, on the other hand, makes a business of dealing with the most controversial questions which statesmen are required to decide. It not only assembles facts, but it seeks to interpret their social significance and to indicate the direction which public policy should take. Its job, however, is not to solve problems as they are ordinarily propounded or to furnish the public and the government with final and definite conclusions. It proposes rather to lay bare the significant specific issues of contemporary economic politics, to ask the questions about them which economic research and experience are capable of answering and to marshal all the accessible facts which are pertinent to the answers. Such research may and frequently does justify conclusions which from the point of view of prevailing states of mind, opinions and official commitments are vigorously contentious.

No subject of public economics is provoking fiercer controversies than that of the debts now owed by nations to other nations. They supply the most obvious, the most frequent and the most embittered pretexts for international dissension. The Institute of Economics has, consequently, started to investigate them. It has either completed or well under way five studies which deal with the liabilities which Germany, Russia, France, Italy and Great Britain owe abroad and the resources which they can draw upon to meet their obligations. One of these studies, Germany's Capacity to Pay, by Harold G. Moulton and Constantine E. McGuire is already published. The second on Russia is practically ready for the press. The third on France will be ready some time in 1924. The others will follow. The first of them furnishes an aggressive illustration of what and how the Institute proposes to do. It tells in detail how much Germany has already sacrificed in making reparation payments. It gives the reasons why she can for the present barely provide for her own subsistence and why she must have a moratorium for an indefinite period. It sets forth the factors, both German and foreign, which will determine Germany's future ability to pay, and it shows why it is impossible at present to determine a total bill for reparations which would be scientifically unimpeachable. These conclusions are obviously highly contentious, but they are submitted as the result of honest and thorough scientific research.

The rest of the Bureau's program of future work is equally specific, contemporary and potentially controversial. The branch of American economic life which is suffering from the most obvious signs of distress is, of course, agriculture. The Institute has begun a series of studies, the object of which will be to throw light on what is wrong with the American farmer. One of the studies, dealing with the effect of the existing economic disabilities of Europe upon the prices of agricultural products, is now ready for the press. Another series of studies will discuss those schedules of the American tariff which deal with farm products. They will investigate the effects of existing rates upon the price and the volume of production of such commodities as sugar, wool, cotton, meats and wheat. Another study challenges the scientific pertinence of what is supposed to be the existing method of determining existing tariff rates. Finally, not content with the responsibility for throwing light on economic dilemmas which it has already assumed, the Institute has also undertaken to investigate that huge bundle of maladjustment and contention—the coal industry. It proposes to inquire how far the coal industry is giving a reasonably efficient service to the American people. In so far as it finds defects in the service it will seek the causes of its failure in the conditions and organization of the industry. It hopes as a result of the inquiry to throw light on the essential problems which are involved in bringing an improved industry into existence.

There are other aspects of the Institute upon which I should like to dwell but which I can only note in passing. It is not a capacious machine which is designed and geared to turn out a large supply of miscellaneous economic statistics. It is a comparatively small group of disinterested men and women who are coöperating in a work of self and public education. They are not officials in an impersonal unmanageable administration. They are friends and associates in council. They are pupils as well as professors. They are citizens no less than experts. They wish to share their discoveries with their fellow-countrymen. They propose carefully to avoid a dry, technical and forbidding statement of their results. They have set up, like men who wrote the Constitution of the United States, a committee on style which is to see that these find-

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ngs are transmitted to their fellow countrymen in a simple and understandable form."

Finally they have associated with them a school. Out f the funds provided by the President of the Institute, Mr. Robert S. Brookings, they have offered to a few ad- anced students the opportunity of learning how research s carried on by coöperating in its processes. The object f this school is to teach the students the art of handling esearch problems, to bring them into contact with the liv- ng processes of learning as carried on by the Institute ather than with its dead results and finally to graduate rained professional investigators. The connection between he School and the Institute is, however, informal. The chool is a subsidiary of the Washington University of t. Louis. It is conducted by Mr. Walton H. Hamilton nd by Mr. Walter J. Shepard, and it expects to enjoy the ervices of Mr. John A. Hobson, the English economist, or the first semester of the next college year.

Underlying the program of the Institute there is a heory of what economic truth is and what service it can ender to statesmanship which needs and deserves to be indicated in practice. From this point of view economic ruth in its practical and constructive aspect consists in an ncreasing understanding of the purposes and conditions vhich determine the economic activity of the several social lasses, of the several industries, of the state itself and of he whole nation in relation to other nations. These ctivities are assumed to be incomplete experiments which re to be continued, modified or abandoned in the light of heir effects. The most formidable existing obstacle to their cientific treatment is the practice of studying them less as xperiments whose value needs to be explored than as nstances of legal or economic principles which are in themelves true or false. An economic decision by the governnent such, for instance, as the tariff schedules on raw and nanufactured wool or a tax on excess profits is not conidered as a tentative method to accomplish public purposes which experience will or will not or will more or ess justify. It is considered as the embodiment of a genral policy such as protection, which is so right that it is lmost infallible or so wrong that it is almost intolerable. The discussion of these policies consists largely of propganda and counter-propaganda, and both the propaganda nd its opposite can unfortunately with sufficient plausibility pretend to be economic truth. As long as this confusion lasts statesmen will be unable to distinguish between an economic science which merely rationalizes prevailing economic activities and one which seeks to understand what these activities are and how they work.

Some such confusion seems to be the inevitable result of the conception of economics as a body of knowledge which is true or false in general. Whatever the uses of an economics of general principles which apply ambiguously to concrete cases, it will, in so far as it prevails, not only prevent economics from serving statesmen but from enlightening other people who participate in economic activities. The vast mass of these activities take place as the result of individual, class or group efforts to satisfy individual, class or group needs. The policies of labor unions, of chain stores, of steel trusts or of commodity coöperatives are economic experiments which provide the same kind of material for expert exploration and interpretation as the policies of a government; and an economics of general principles will be as dubiously useful to the leaders of these groups or enterprises as it is to statesmen. On the other hand, if economic experts occupy themselves chiefly with the examination of the results of these activities they will gradually become the agency which the mind of a national society will use in order to interpret the experience which it has accumulated in the satisfaction of its manifold public and private wants. The value of the interpretation as a guide to future conduct will depend in part upon the completeness of the record, in part upon the thoroughness of the expert search, in part upon the significance of the recorded and explored activities and finally in part upon the accessibility of public opinion to the outcome of such inquiries. The program of the Washington Institute of Economics recognizes the existence of all these conditions of success. In so far as it does succeed it will not only bring into existence an economics which is more rather than less trustworthy as science by adapting it to the service of business men, labor unionists and statesmen but it will pursuade the people who carry on these practical activities to pay attention to the findings of economic experts. These findings will not cover as much ground as the more general affirmations of academic economics. But so far as they go, they will be so trustworthy that to ignore them would be to court disaster.

HERBERT CROLY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Regulating Surplus Profits

SIR: The editorial in your issue of January 23, entitled The Supreme Court on Economic Surplus, properly emphasizes he far reaching economic possibilities of the principles recently aid down by the United States Supreme Court in the so-called Recapture Clause case. I believe, however, that you have ressed the decision too far.

1. You state, "If the State of Pennsylvania declares anthracite oal a public utility and its legislature fixes eight percent as a air return upon the value of the property in anthracite mines, t would seem clear that under this decision the companies would ever receive title to the excess earnings over eight percent. And hat if Congress should declare banking a public utility?"

You apparently assume that a mere legislative declaration that nthracite coal or banking is a public utility is sufficient to make t so. This idea was flatly repudiated last June by the United tates Supreme Court in the Kansas Industrial Court case, when Mr. Chief Justice Taft stated that "the mere declaration by a egislature that a business is affected with a public interest is not conclusive of the question whether its attempted regulation on that ground is justified." In the same opinion, he points out that "the thing which gave the public interest" in nearly all the businesses which have become subject to rate regulation "was the indispensable nature of the service and the exorbitant charges and arbitrary control to which the public might be subjected without regulation." In other words, to justify government regulation of rates, there must be monopolistic conditions in an indispensable service. If these conditions in fact exist, as they apparently do in the case of anthracite coal, the legislative declaration of public interest will be upheld by the courts. If they do not in fact exist, as appears probable in the case of gasoline, the mere legislative declaration that such a business is a public utility will not suffice.

2. You carry the error still further, it seems to me, when you argue that the principle of the decision applies not only to "rates fixed by public authority," but also "to prices which are fixed by competition among purchasers." You point out that the law of single price in economics results in unreasonable profits for such purchasers as could afford to pay higher prices and

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conclude that the Recapture Clause decision "gives the necessary legal foundation for the appropriation of surplus profits" of such purchasers. In other words, as I understand it, you contend that the field is now open for the recapture of all excess profits.

The decision, however, will not bear such an interpretation. The right to recapture is based on the right to regulate, which in turn, in the language of the Supreme Court above quoted, depends, in nearly all cases, upon "the indispensable nature of the service and the exorbitant charges and arbitrary control to which the public might be subjected without regulation." Until, therefore, the services of the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker are found to be indispensable and subject to monopolistic control, their excess profits can be reached only by the taxing power.

To face the limitations of the decision does not minimize its importance, for there are certain industries, such as anthracite coal, where the necessary conditions for regulation already exist, and where the use of a Recapture clause may solve a fundamental difficulty in the regulation of rates, due to the wide diversity in production costs.

Philadelphia. HAROLD EVANS.

The Shipping Board's Four Billion

SIR: We seem greatly aroused by the oil revelations; but far greater crimes against the American people—far greater betrayal of the people's interests—have been committed by the Shipping Board during the last seven years.

The total of the oil loot may reach $200,000,000, but the total looted from the taxpayers through the Shipping Board is over $4,000,000,000. Yet, nothing has come of it; and those who are responsible for this looting are counted among our most eminent and distinguished citizens, and are singularly honored on every possible occasion and on every possible pretext. The indisputable total of the loot via the Shipping Board route is over four billion dollars; and all the American people have to show for it is a lot of badly built ships that are rusting into complete uselessness, and a few other ships, the total value of all of which, good and bad, will not even equal the interest that the taxpayers must pay EVERY YEAR until this debt of four billion dollars has been paid off.

Revelations which constantly come to hand prove over and over again what I have repeatedly stated, that the history of the world does not show such colossal looting and squandering of the public moneys as during the period covered by the existence of the Shipping Board. And not one ship built with these billions of dollars was completed in time to be of any use during the war; in fact, with few exceptions, their keels were not even laid until after the war had passed into history; and the statements the Shipping Board and its apologists constantly make, that the enormous and excessive costs were due to the necessity of haste to defeat Germany, are false.

Israel Zangwill said, in a recent public address, that our national defect is our "let it slide" attitude. If Zangwill knew the whole story of the American people's indifference to corruption and faithlessness on the part of our public officials, he could write an article that would shake the conscience of America and end its present "let it slide" attitude. Perhaps the oil exposures may do that.

New York City. PHILIP MANSON.

A Protest

SIR: As a faithful reader of the New Republic for many years, I must register my protest against the reviews of the Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Robert Underwood Johnson's Remembered Yesterdays in your issue of January 9. I hold no brief for Mrs. Humphry Ward; she was not a George Eliot, but since George Eliot there has not been a novelist among English women who was her equal, none who wrote more thoughtfully and impressively on subjects of social moment in the life of modern England. To speak of books like Marcella, Eleanor, and David Grieve and even less important works which followed Robert Elsmere as "pot-boilers" and pot-boilers for the sake of enabling the author to live in Grosvenor Place, instead of Russell Square, to have also a house in the country, (as hundreds of less prosperous London families do) whose rebuilding proved expensive (as others have found) and "to buy five hats at once" is levity incredible. What with the prelude of violent disparagement, the ungenerate might be forgiven for suspecting something ulterior.

I do not know Virginia Woolf, but the credentials which you give her, the authorship of Monday or Tuesday, and Jacob's Room are hardly sufficient to warrant her acceptance as a Day of Judgment for Mrs. Humphry Ward. One can but wonder how this jaunty estimate would have seemed to Mrs. Ward's friends and co-workers of a life-time in London philanthropy and reform, like Stopford Brooke. We know well that Mrs. Ward with her too alert mind and sympathies did not know how to rest or to limit her interests and activities and that she wrote too much. But to think that the motive of this was luxury is as offensive and gratuitous as to think that her turning from a life of Oxford seclusion devoted to the "Origins of Modern Spain" to fiction and her larger London life was a fall from idealism is ridiculous.

Robert Underwood Johnson rendered us too much sterling service during a long lifetime to be made the subject of six inches of flippancy. We have too much smart writing by youth about veterans no matter whether they are living like Mr. Johnson or dead like Mrs. Ward. It is not witty, it is rude, and chiefly it is irreverent and ungrateful. The boys of the Bowery who snowball the passing gray-beard in their sport may be forgiven, but not so easily one of the most judicial of our weeklies for lending its aegis to this literary impiety. Mr. Johnson has devoted his whole life, with singular disinterestedness and at cost, to the service of what is best in American literature and public life. It has been a life full of incident, variety and significant contacts; and he tells the story, so well worth the telling, simply and straightforwardly, without vanity or pretense. That is what I think George Ripley would have said, had he been reviewing the book in his old Tribune days. What would he have said of the treatment of Mr. Johnson in his own home by the New Republic?

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Educational Sandwiches

SIR: What odd threads are woven into the pattern of our amazing up-to-the-minute education? What a bizarre and polychrome fabric must be this Joseph's coat for Democracy! Let us hope that it may be serviceable if not beautiful—reasonably soft, firm and warm, without too many loose threads, frayed edges, harsh and unlovely patches. These reflections are suggested by the following printed list of subjects in which correspondence instruction is offered to its citizens by a neighboring state:

Accounting	Languages
Advertising	English (17 courses)
Art appreciation	French (7 courses)
Automobiles	Italian (3 courses)
Biology	Latin (3 courses)
Blueprint and plan reading	Spanish (4 courses)
Bookkeeping	Law, business
Chemistry	Lumber and its uses
Civics for women voters	Mathematics, applied and general
Commercial correspondence	Music appreciation
Concrete construction	Penmanship
Dietetics	Plumbing
Drawing, mechanical and architectural	Psychology, applied
Economics	Pulp and paper making
Electricity	Salesmanship
Heating and ventilating	Show card writing
History	Sociology
Home decoration	Stenography and typewriting

The accident of the alphabet is responsible for some queer educational sandwiches in which the meat is not always easily distinguished from the bread. Possibly the list is meant to be a bread and butter one, without meat. Biology, for example, is found between automobiles and blueprints, psychology between plumbing and pulp making, sociology between show card writing and stenography, while history is flanked by heating and ventilating and home decoration. The eclectic-minded, constrained by the necessities of our hurried life, will perhaps seek "multum in parvo" by enrolling for "Lumber and its uses."

J. I. WYER.

The New York State Library, Albany.

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Hannele

The Assumption of Hannele, by Gerhardt Hauptmann, translated by Charles Henry Meltzer, with incidental music arranged by George Copeland. Cort Theatre, February 15, 1924.

THE relation of the poetic quality to the art of drama —or to any art, if you like—is constantly illustrated in Hauptmann's Hannele. In the story that Hauptmann presents, a little girl whose mother is dead and whose father, the mason, beats her and drives her out of the house, tries to drown herself. She is rescued and brought into the almshouse of the village and laid on a dirty bed. In her dying delirium she sees herself mistreated by her stepfather and blessed by her dead mother, who calls her to heaven. Death comes with his great wings, and a fantastic tailor brings in the shroud, which is like a wedding dress, all of white satin with crystal slippers for her feet. The villagers pour in, the good schoolmaster brings in the children to see the dead Hannele, now a princess. Coffin bearers all in white bring in a crystal coffin, angels fill the room and sing. The stepfather comes and is struck dumb by the light upon the body and by God's thunder and darkness outside. And finally someone comes who is like St. Francis and like the schoolmaster himself; he speaks to the stepfather; and then suddenly the brown robe falls and there is the Lord Jesus in a white robe with shining braid at the throat. He raises Hannele from her coffin and tells her of heaven and of what happiness is in store for her. Then the stage is dark and we see the little girl lying dead on her ragged bed and the sister above her with the doctor.

This story, so set forth, might, as anyone can see, be easily a Sunday School myth of the softest and sweetest kind. It might be something for the interlude of an ice-cream supper or pious bazaar. Or it might be, and skates sometimes very near to being, a piece of German sentiment not without its pathos but overripe with cakes, tears, charity, sugared Easter eggs, hearth, home, hobgoblins, or however one puts it. But Hannele cannot be called these things for one very good reason, which is that it was written by a poet.

Great sages, philosophers, social scientists, as Croce and many others have repeated again and again, are far commoner in the world than great poets. In the art of the theatre, at any rate, there is dramatic talent and dramatic technique here and there and often, but the advent of the poetic mind is less frequent and in the end more important. It may be that, in the last estimate of a piece of drama, the poetic element in it is what must ultimately make it art as distinguished from mere craft, however expert. Poetry—as one reads in the Symposium—"is the general name signifying every cause whereby anything proceeds from that which is not into that which is; so that the exercise of every inventive art is poetry, and all such artists poets." And it may well be that it is just this thing created where there was nothing before, this underlying poetic element, that makes a drama art at all, and creates it into a living thing. The poetic dilates and extends the life and significance of what it imbues. It creates in an artist's work a life that is a participation in all life. It makes every part of the work created a centre; as, in a man's person, his body and each part of it is a centre in itself and at the same time a part of a wider life. Through the poetic element in a work there is possible that expression of one part of life in terms of another, from which art arises and through which alone it is alive. And so in Hauptmann's Hannele what might be a poor and sentimental pathos and a touching story, becomes a cramped and poignant little image of all desire and aspiration, made more pitiful for its pauper sterility and its childish outline. Loneliness, the will for justice, egotism, deathless vanity and love and imagination, moods and attributes that may be golden lads and girls in great souls and in audacious and soaring natures, must here, like chimney-sweepers, come to dust. And the truth and pathos of Hauptmann's drama consists in, on one hand, this dull little sheath of a poor child's body and the drab life around it and, on the other, the flame of her spirit slipping out of its prison and into what are eternal images in men's experience, however sorry and mediocre her patterns of them may be. And this facet of life is made more poignant here because it is less arguable than it might be in more splendid images and in more spacious human circumstance, and is more hopeless. And finally there is upon this piece of Hauptmann's the exaltation of all poetry, which derives from a constant accession and abundance in it of life; in Hannele life is defeated to its dregs, but at the same time, through the simplicity of the theme, appears forever invincible.

The production of Hannele is fairly average. It moves, at least, though with some confusion, especially in the first scenes, toward the right simplicity. And since there is no particular way or image in which the child's mind might evoke her visions, one may do the angels and apparitions and events as one chooses more or less. Mr. George Copeland's magnificent music might alone have carried some of the scenes.

The acting of the minor characters showed one underlying disturbance; the actors did not know just how realistically their approach to their parts ought to be. The characters they had to do were both poetically heightened and foreign. But in a piece like Hannele the secret is to play the characters straight, quite realistically, and let the author take care of their poetic light by the nuance he gives them and by the motives they carry in the general theme. Mr. Basil Rathbone gave a good performance, especially in the scene where he becomes Hannele's Savior. Mr. Rathbone suggested genuine goodness and sweetness and simplicity of feeling, which together with good diction and a touch of dullness, was exactly right for the image in the child's mind.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne in the part of Hannele did what I think was one of the best pieces of acting of this season. She at the outset established the amount of representation or realistic imitation that she would use—not a great deal as it happens—and the rhythm that would follow her thought as she saw the character and its incidents. This quiet and secure procedure from within always and never from without marks a long advance in Miss Le Gallienne's playing; and the simplicity and evenness that, by means of it, she achieved are rare and high qualities in the art of acting. I have seen nothing for a long time more convincing and more moving and more rightly felt than the long interval when Hannele kneels at the feet of the Lord Jesus and listens to the promises and golden words that he speaks to her, before at length he lifts her to her feet and rests her head on his breast; a little sordid figure radiant with divine love; a little awkward, passionate beauty; a little, dry, cramped rapturous smile; the sense at once of pity and glory, of a body that was a mockery of life and a vision that was an ecstasy of it.

STARK YOUNG.

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Marcel Proust

Marcel Proust: an English Tribute, collected by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

THE cardinal point in the reading of Proust is the matter of initial self-surrender: shall I, can I, give in to him? For, with Proust, curiosity has no bottom, memory no possibility of exhaustion, elaboration no limits. You cannot flit through him; you cannot skim over him. Or, if you flit or skim, that will be preliminary to determining as to your entrance upon the whole enormous job, your decisive plunge into the labyrinth. The rest is easier; not only facile, to the sense of the faithful, but even increasingly delightful. Yet labyrinthine indeed are both matter and manner. Labyrinthine alike are the evocations of memory and the exercises of comment. Labyrinthine, most of all, is the involved and breath-taxing style. Proust, a semi-invalid, in retirement from the world, was given to filling up his time, silk-worm fashion, in spinning voluminously from his own bowels. His method of spinning may be gathered from facsimiles of his proof-sheets, wherein even Balzac seems outdone.

In this retirement he gave full swing to morbidity of imagination and to pathological sensitiveness. Psychological analysis runs riot. If William James is properly to be credited with the dictum that "psychology is a nasty little subject," many of Proust's pages will come to strengthen the assertion. Aberrations commonly regarded as exceptional are here taken as matters of course and are unabashedly brought into the warp and woof of life. Interests usually suppressed are here exploited. Sappho and Urania appear as the twin patronesses of Proust's oeuvre. Not for nothing was he the son of one physician and the brother of another. Not without warrant did Anatole France, twenty-five years ago, herald the new writer as a "Bernardin de Saint Pierre dépravé" and a "Petrone ingénu." Later came the combined mellowness and bitterness of experience, added to that untiring inquisitiveness essentially youthful, which persisted through to the end.

However, let us shift Proust into the sanitating sunlight (somewhat shaded though it be), and catch the chief of his contentions. Happiness in unrealizable: it seems to fall between the two stools of desire and memory. We may look forward to it, or we may look back upon it; but it is never of the present moment. This is less because the ideal turns to illusion on attainment than because the object to which we attach our ideal is seen not as it actually is but as we wish it to be. The true reality is most present in hope, recollection and absence. The matter of desires may now be left to attend to itself—or Thackeray's concluding words in Vanity Fair may sum up the futility and unsatisfactoriness of wishes fulfilled; but the matter of memory may justify a word more. Memory, with Proust, is far from the simple thing the expression commonly connotes. He plumbs memory to its unconscious strata; he even reinforces himself with the long-linked laws of associated memories. And here he is at both his best and his worst—his most acute and his most tedious. Here sensibility is heightened by valetudinarianism; and the application of analytics—as Joseph Conrad points out, Proust's is a creative art based absolutely on analysis—comes to reinforce the method. Its lacks are plainly indicated: "no reverie, no emotion, no marked irony, no warmth of conviction, not even a marked rhythm to charm our ear." Yet, adds Conrad: "I don't think there ever has been in the whole of literature such an example of the power of analysis, and I feel pretty safe in saying that there will never be another."

The present volume of some twenty-odd short papers follows the great "demonstration in force" which was made by French writers in the Nouvelle Revue Française shortly after Proust's death, in November, 1922. These pieces are of unequal length and merit, and many writers of consequence are absent. Some—among them the alert Rebecca West and the confident Aldous Huxley—state that they do not know enough about Proust to write on him; and there is George Moore, who simply cannot stomach the man.

Those who do contribute to this volume may be ranged in three categories: the Great, who, oftener than not, drop a button rather than a coin into the plate; the Small, who exhibit a straining pretentiousness in their desire to seem worthy among such grand company; and thirdly, three or four writers of reputation merely moderate who know the subject and treat it with real understanding. And then, at the end, Arnold Bennett, hard-headed and tonic, is permitted his say. The cart, by this time, has been piled high with apples—some round and rosy, some rotten, apples of Sodom, pseudo-pomegranates, and what not—and Mr. Bennett strolls along and upsets it. Comes the cold douche, after the suffocating steam of appreciation that rose in perfumed clouds. Bennett met Proust in Paris, in 1910, and does not seem to have been greatly impressed.

To him the longueurs of Swann's Way have seemed insupportable, the "clumsy centipedalian crawling of the interminable sentences" is inexcusable, the lack of form or construction discloses effrontery, the monotony of subject and treatment makes for weariness. On a rereading, however, he was "absolutely enchanted" by some of the detail; and he grants that Proust "made some original discoveries in the byways of psychological fiction."

The "enchanting details" point rather to the presence of an artist than to the achievement of a work of art—however much some among the present body of appreciators may profess to perceive in a vast, unfinished trunk a marvel of constructive skill. And the "byways of psychological fiction" prompt us to ask whether Proust is valid for human nature in general, rather than for the complexities of a sophisticated and decaying society, and whether he has reached a valuable and enduring novelty in method. Though we cry out our lack of time, the long, long novel has as open a field as it ever had in the leisurely days of the eighteenth century. Interest remains biographical rather than architectonic—though Tom Jones contrived to allow each phase its claims—and we still care less for a work of art than for the closely-ascertained and fully-rendered characters embedded in it. And of course we are willing enough to advance into hitherto unexplored fields of human nature and the human mind. Possibly Proust's discoveries in psychology will come to rank—to the pleasure of his most advanced scouts—with contemporaneous discoveries in science. New wonders in the province of a growing art are incessantly called for. One may admit the wonder—yet privately term it tiresome and distasteful.

HENRY B. FULLER.

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The First Protestant Life of Ignatius

Ignatius Loyola: An Attempt at an Impartial Biography, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

AMONG the four misprints in this volume, one, italicized, captures the fancy: "Protestants impute to the Jesuits the doctrine that *the means justifies the end.*" If we have in mind the end usually ascribed to Ignatius by Protestants—the extension of the Roman Catholic Church—the misprint is a happy presentation of the problem of Ignatius's life. For if the spread of the church be indeed the end which produces, as its necessary means, the peculiar composite of steadfastness and humility, obedience and autocracy, ecstasy and sobriety, utter consecration and disconcerting prudence, chivalry and restraint, which make up the character of Ignatius, the extremest Protestant will be tempted to believe that this means justifies that end.

In his eyes, the character would be more enduring than the church. He would affirm of the general of the Jesuits what the contemporary Sorbonne affirmed of the company: "It takes all the strength out of ritual. It deprives lords ecclesiastical and lord temporal of their rights." If in any determining sense Luther is responsible for Loyola—which Mr. Sedgwick properly questions—a Protestant should only rejoice that so mighty a hammer fell on such an unyielding anvil. "Wisdom is justified of all her children."

Doubtless, however, Mr. Sedgwick intended: "Protestants impute to the Jesuits the doctrine that the end justifies the means." This imputation he repudiates: "As to Ignatius and his companions I have found nothing in word or deed to suggest his or their approval of any such doctrine." The reviewer keeps up, though he had not expected quite such a gallop. In view of the duplex, if not duplicious, field-reports which Ignatius required of his soldiers, one part to show and the other to conceal; in view of the forced contributions from synagogues to support converted Jews and of the revival of a disused decree forbidding physicians to attend unshrived persons in danger of death—upon both of which Ignatius insisted and which, perhaps on some happy new evidence Mr. Sedgwick fails to mention—; in the hope that Ignatius did not rejoice in the Inquisition which he helped to set up; he can at least see the charitableness of the charge.

But one rises from this book feeling that Mr. Sedgwick is right in dismissing this age-long question from the centre of the stage and in presenting Ignatius primarily as "a passionate believer in holiness." He was neither fundamentally a churchman (though he proved the church's most conspicuous prop) nor an organizer (though never general left a more invincible army) nor an educator (though he is responsible for too enduring an educational movement to excuse Mr. Sedgwick's omission of all mention of Father Hughes's volume on Loyola as an educator). He was primarily a saint, a seeker after God who at the end could say that though he dared not be so bold as to put himself ahead of the meanest saint, he would not exchange what he had tasted of God for all their experiences. A corporeal Don Quixote, he served an illustrious lady. Convalescing from an illness he asked for a romance of chivalry and was given instead a life of Christ and the Golden Legend. He naïvely installed the Virgin Mary in his lady's place. He hung up his sword above her altar and dedicated himself to a service whose alluring hardness transformed both his new inamorata and himself. The Virgin gave way to Jesus and the cavalier to the soldier of Christ. We think, therefore, that Father Pollen's subtitle for his life of Ignatius, The Imitator of Christ, is more suitable than Mr. Sedgwick's An Impartial Biography. The book is indeed that, but it is more than that; it is the picture of "a passionate believer in holiness" for "readers who take their religion placidly." Save as regards Ignatius's originality and poetic temper, the book is no more critical of its hero than is Francis Thompson's Ignatius.

Yet the constant touch of criticism or rather of apology in this book thickens the atmosphere. We are, indeed, thankful for transcripts of documents and letters not hitherto attainable in English—though curiously there is no mention of the English translation of the letters now appearing in St. Louis—but I think even the unhistorical reader would gladly exchange sketches of life in mediaeval colleges, in persecuting France, in Venice, Rome and Spain, the recurrent apologies for shrines and dogma and obscurantism and asceticism and extreme ecclesiasticism, even the numerous incidents of his companions' careers, for some of Ignatius's striking sayings which Francis Thompson reports and our authors omits, for the moving rules of Ignatius which anticipated the celebrated constitution and, above all, for a more adequate account of The Spiritual Exercises—that immortal book which preserves in amber the inner struggles of the saint who, as Thompson said, "destroys and covers his celestial trail"—to which only ten of Mr. Sedgwick's 360 pages are devoted.

The Protestant world must indeed be grateful to Mr. Sedgwick for adding still another arch to the bridge which he is so industriously and skillfully building to beguile us to the green pastures of the mystics. It should appreciate the boldness of his choice of subject and the charm of the author's personality in which so militant a Catholic is enwrapped. It is doubtful, however, if Mr. Sedgwick's fireside style will make an appreciable inroad upon the placid spirits of his New England readers.

A. W. VERNON.

"Isot Ma Drue, Isot M'Amie"

The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonnesse, by Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IT is evident that three converging lines of interest have drawn Mr. Hardy to the romance of Iseult: a practical, a sentimental, and an antiquarian interest. The practical motive is the most obvious, for during the past several years the Dorchester Players have been presenting dramatic versions of episodes from his novels; and this "new version of an old story, arranged as a play for mummers, in one act requiring no theatre or scenery," was composed for production by the "local talent" among Mr. Hardy's fellow-townsmen. In quest of a subject sentiment led the poet westward to the romantic rocky coast where he used to wander half a century and more ago, along which he laid the action of his first successful novel, whence he brought home his bride, and which is

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the theme of several of his most beautiful lyrics. And having chosen his subject Mr. Hardy's life-long interest in folk-traditions suggested an attempt to reconcile the two conflicting versions concerning the death of the lovers.

It cannot be said that this experiment in "harmonizing" is convincing. Faced with the problem that in the earliest forms of the legend Tristram dies when, through error or treachery, his wife reports Iseult's sail black, not white, while in later versions this incident disappears and Tristram is slain by King Mark, Mr. Hardy has adopted Bedier's theory of one parent poem from which the rival versions are descended, and resolves the contradictions by imagining that when Iseult of Ireland heard that Tristram was dying she hastened across the sea to him; that her sail was falsely reported black; that on learning of her lover's death she did not stop to verify the report but returned to Cornwall; that Tristram, reviving from his death-like swoon, set sail for her, and his wife after *him;* that disguised as a harper he entered King Mark's castle, where he is stabbed by the drunken husband who in turn is stabbed by the Queen who then leaps from the cliffs into the sea. There is then nothing left for Iseult of the White Hands to do but to return mournfully to Brittany, while Merlin epiloguizes. Frankly, I do not like this ingenious telescoping of the two legends.

It has the merit, however, of compactness, for the action passes wholly within the great hall of Mark's castle. But the style is harsh and halting, ill-suited, one would think, to dramatic recital. The rugged convolutions and inversions, the uncouth neologisms, are bare and barren substitutes for the passionate splendors of Wagner's music and the shimmering redundances of Swinburne's epic narrative.

In the prologue and epilogue, in one or two lyrics, and in occasional passages of the dialogue there are suggestions of the naked elemental quality of the great story; but for the most part the passion and romance glow somberly beneath the scoriae of words and rhythms. These scenes will be received with respectful interest but not, I think, by many readers with enthusiasm. If not (we may hope) the last fruits off an old tree they are certainly dry sticks fagotted by Thomas Hardy. To find charm and romance one must turn not to the text but to the two drawings that accompany it, painstaking yet poetic imaginary reconstructions of the exterior and interior of the mighty prehistoric castle that fronted the Cornish sea. Evidently in old age the poet has not lost interest in architecture, the profession which he followed in his youth.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

The Italian Immigrant

Some Aspects of Italian Immigration to the United States, by Antonio Stella. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ONE of the most unfortunate results of restricted immigration is the flood of racial intolerance its discussion has evoked. It ought to be sufficient argument for restriction that the country is not now in a position to work an indefinite number of people of alien training and traditions into its social and economic system. Americans, however, are a moral people and must have moral reasons for their actions. They cannot hang a dog without managing first to give him a bad name. Therefore they are compelled to make a degenerate out of the alien in order to feel justified in excluding him. Statistics are pressed into service to prove that immigrants—especially those who have recently been coming in large numbers, the Italians, Russians and Poles—are of low mental calibre, prone to crime, insanity, pauperism and disease. The statistics are almost invariably used uncritically and are made to yield results that are scientifically untenable. But they are the results the exclusionists need for their moral satisfaction and therefore serve.

This vilification of whole races does not produce a very pleasant mood in that seventh part of our population who happen to be foreign born. They are beginning to develop a counter-propaganda, often as unintelligent and prejudiced as the propaganda against them. The best of their work, like Dr. Stella's little book, is still rather thin. They will do better in time, and will compel Americans to balance the crimes committed by aliens with the crimes committed by America against the aliens; to set the stupidities of American policy—or lack of policy—against the stupidities of the aliens themselves.

Dr. Stella, an eminent American physician of Italian descent, undertakes the defence of the Italian immigrant. It is said that the Italians do not assimilate. So far as naturalization is proof of assimilation, the Italians do about as well as any other nationality that has been here for the same length of time. It is argued on the basis of the army intelligence tests that the Italian race is of low mentality. So much the worse for the tests. The race which made of Italy the mother of the arts and of government simply can't be inferior. Illiteracy is high among Italians. Not so very high, if we consider the brief time since the unification of Italy made popular education practicable. In the statistics of alcoholism, pauperism and insanity the Italians stand low on the list. By any fair basis of comparison—that is, city dwellers with city dwellers, age group with age group—Italian criminality is low. The general charge of racial inferiority simply does not hold.

Dr. Stella's work is scientifically as sound as most of the anti-alien books now so eagerly devoured by a credulous public. In spirit it is wholly admirable. One closes it, however, with a feeling of regret that Dr. Stella did not associate with himself persons who could have handled the economic, social and psychological problems involved with a fair degree of professional skill. This book is like a painted toy boat set sailing from a smooth cove by a little puff of breath—a preface by Nicholas Murray Butler. Just around the point a rough gust whitens the waves. It is likely to be bad sailing for the little boat.

So much better a case could have been made for the Italians in America, as anyone who has ever come into close contact with them must realize. They have brought with them a rich cargo of values, a keen sense of good workmanship, tireless industry, a remarkably sane and intelligent outlook upon life. Our grandchildren, living in a world in which melodious Italian names will be diffused throughout the community and sunny Italian faces will glow in every social group, will look back with amusement to our barbaric prejudices. We should have learned a lesson from an earlier generation's mistaken notions about the "dirty Irish" and the "beery Germans," now essential elements in our assumed racial superiority.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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Russia—A Balanced Judgment

The Russian Soviet Republic, by Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

ON the question of attitude toward Russia Professor Ross refuses to be numbered with either the sheep or the goats; he is neither pro- nor anti-. His book is neither an indictment nor a defence of the Soviet. In his own picturesque phrase, it is an attempt to "hack his way through the thicket of falsehood" and get at the truth. And hack he does, with defiant disregard of where the chips may fall. But while he protests his impartiality, there is no pretense at being impassive. He writes "in wrath, but not at Bolsheviks or anti-Bolsheviks," but at "the forked-tongued propagandists who, almost from the beginning, have hidden Communist Russia from the eye of the world by enveloping it in a jungle-growth of lies."

Of course, he views Russia from the angle of his own social philosophy, and, profession of detachment notwithstanding, it is plain where his sympathies lie in the struggle of the Russian masses upward toward political and economic freedom. But, for all that, he is not blind to the errors, follies and excesses of the Revolution. He is no Marxian; he condemns communism as an economic fallacy, and affirms that the Russian experiment has only vindicated the premises of the orthodox economy. The communists were sincere, with a fire-tested sincerity; but they were also naïve, doctrinaire, fanatical, ruthless. They resorted to terrorism, but they were not bandits nor anarchists. Their attempted nationalization of land and industry may have proven a wretched fiasco and have accelerated the economic disintegration; but they can point to achievements of no mean order, and that, too, in the face of terrific odds,—the stamping out of anarchy, the defence of the national domain, the creation of an army, an "iron battalion" infused with the spirit of discipline and loyalty; the establishment and maintenance of a government which, whether democratic or not, was the only coherent expression of a will to unity and order in Russia, and did actually govern.

In passing judgment upon Bolshevism and the Bolshevists, Professor Ross holds the balances with a steady hand, neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. But when he turns to their detractors and traducers, his judicial poise quickly melts in the flame of an indignation which fairly blazes forth against what he rates as the most venomous propaganda in all history, unsurpassed in malignancy and mendacity and in the mischief it has done in making millions of minds forever impervious to the truth about Russia.

For the policy which the Allies emphasize toward Russia he has unmitigated contempt. It was worse than a crime; it was a crowning exhibition of imbecility,—a heavy indictment, but a hard one to refute, in the face of the proof adduced, of deliberate disregard of the plain and oft-reiterated warnings of their own accredited agents on the ground. On this point the evidence is conclusive. However culpable the Bolsheviks may have been, no one conversant with the facts regarding blockade, intervention, propaganda, and reactionary attempts, can hold the Allies guiltless of having contributed to the confusion and aggravated the misery of Russia. Nor were the results of their impolicy confined to Russia; the rejection of a bona fide offer of a vast quantity of war materials, which were promptly seized by the Germans, was an act of criminal negligence, dearly atoned for, not by the perpetrators of the folly, but by thousands of lives that were needlessly sacrificed on the western front in the spring and summer of 1918.

Valuable as Professor Ross's book may be as an eye-opener, it is not for a moment to be taken as a definitive and authoritative account of the Soviet Republic. The author himself would be the first to acknowledge its tentative, not to say ephemeral, character. He frankly admits his want of access to the archives and the rulers of communist Russia, and his limited acquaintance with the country. Many of the principal topics are scantily treated; some of the chapters are mere sketches, the elaboration of which would entail years of investigation; some of the judgments are pronounced with a positiveness and emphasis scarcely warranted by the fragmentary state of the evidence submitted. Not a few of his present views the author will himself undoubtedly correct in the light of a truer perspective.

But whether scientific history or not, Professor Ross's book, conceived in the spirit of fair play, and instinct, as is all his work, with an intense and militant earnestness, is a well-aimed thrust at ignorance, error and falsehood, a valiant attempt to clear the way for a sane and candid attitude toward Russia and its revolution.

THEODORE COLLIER.

Prehistory

Anthropology, by A. L. Kroeber. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THE trend of anthropological thought in America through polemic denial of the older theories which resulted from too fervent an application of the evolutionary hypothesis to cultural data, to a synthesis of its own, has been clear and steady. In the past year three works have appeared, all of which carry positive contributions toward a larger comprehension of the working of culture, none of which are negative in outlook: Dr. Goldenweiser, Dr. Wissler, and now Dr. Kroeber.

This work, however, differs materially in its point of view from those which have gone before it, in several respects. In the first place, it is not an "anthropology" to any great degree at all. It is rather the sort of work that will be welcomed by those of us who have carried a resentment against the chopping off of human experience into two periods, one vast in extent and unknown, "prehistoric times," and the other minute and intensively worked, "historical times." Dr. Kroeber has shared the historical point of view of the American anthropologists and used it logically and forcefully, and what he gives us may be regarded as a "prehistory." The entire approach is dynamic. Beginning with a short discussion of the scope of anthropology (in which, incidentally, the claim that there can be no connection between "physical" and "cultural" anthropology is neatly disposed of), he immediately proceeds to a discussion of fossil man,—the physical ancestor of homo sapiens, and where and when he lived.

Here, as elsewhere, the treatment moves down along the pathway of time. The excellent discussion of present-day races,—their origins and the problems which their mingling presents,—is preceded by an exposition of what is known about the physical traits of the earlier races, now extinct. In the same way, the introduction to the problems of culture is through a chapter on The Beginnings

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of Human Civilization. It is most satisfactory to notice the way in which Dr. Kroeber treats the tricky problem of race and culture,—made harder by those whose insistence on the biological factor has caused a correlation of the two in the minds of so many people. The delightful dramatization of the problem at the very outset of the book through the presentation of the Louisiana Negro whose lips and skin-color are hereditary, but whose songs and religion and, perhaps, laziness, are cultural, is excellent.

In his discussion of the development of culture, Dr. Kroeber adopts the principle of giving two or three striking illustrations, well worked out, rather than a larger number of short sketches. In speaking of how cultural traits spread, he takes the arch, the week, the alphabet, and shows how each is found in the most diverse parts of the world, in widely differing forms, but how each can be traced to the tendency of one people to borrow a trait that appeals to them from another who already have it. From this he passes to what is perhaps the most brilliant portion of his work: the exposition of the method that might be termed cultural excavation. He presents the cultures of California, and then, by utilizing the distributions of the traits which comprise them, shows how there were four periods in the culture-history of the region, the oldest the most widely spread, the later ones more restricted to smaller regions.

But it is the very brilliance with which Dr. Kroeber utilizes this method in a small area that makes him fall into an extension of it not nearly so tenable. The antecedents of his presentation of the history of civilization in North America, and of his later chapters on the growth of civilization, are plain. He accepts the theory of Wissler that the centre of cultural spread in North America was Central America, by the use of the principle that the most widely spread traits are the oldest. There are also many theoretical elements which Dr. Kroeber has taken from the work of Graebner, the outstanding representative of the diffusion school. Of course, Dr. Kroeber is too clever to be caught in the extreme crudities of the Graebnerian theory, just as later in the work he does not allow the absurdities of Eliott-Smith to influence him too greatly. But he has listened to both these men, and as a result we have a presentation of the development of culture, first for North America, later for the Old World, that seems to take the stability of cultural traits in their spread too much for granted, for one thing, and to underestimate the inventive ability of the human mind, for another.

The result of this partiality to the diffusionist principle is a concept of the lives of peoples and the working of culture that is much more mechanical than is actually the case. At the same time, it must be admitted that Dr. Kroeber realizes this, as well as the possibility of parallel inventions, as his section on Parallels demonstrates. But the position he assumes works itself out in a way that permits the dismissal of American culture in a chapter, and that of Africa in a few paragraphs. And decided exception must be taken to the assumption that "any specific culture trait common to ancient Egypt and the modern Negroes is suspect of a common origin, which ordinarily,—though not universally—would mean an Egyptian or remote origin," (page 499) and to the summary dismissal of the probability of iron having been invented by the Negroes rather than by the Egyptians. A false sureness of conclusion is given to topics about which there is dangerously little known.

The work, however, will be welcomed for the sweep of perspective it affords. To the lay reader, eager for this point of view from his glimpse of it through the faulty and loose work of Mr. Wells, Dr. Kroeber's book will come with its general sane and enlightened approach and its easy style as a fascinating exposition of a theme often wondered about. But it is unfortunate that there are no references in the text to the many works from which Dr. Kroeber drew his information, nor a bibliography at the end of the book to which the interested student might go for further information.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

The Art Spirit, by Robert Henri; compiled by Margery Ryerson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $2.00.

ROBERT HENRI is an artist of talent; judged by this collection of letters, criticisms, speeches, and chance remarks, he is perhaps even more distinguished as a teacher. The Art Spirit is a sort of studio trashbasket into which quite excellent thoughts and reflections have fallen, along with precepts on keeping the palette clean, mixing colors, and the hundred and one other impedimenta of the painter's craft. Platitude and epigram, inspiration and technical direction, all mingle here, as freely as they would in the studio. "Judging a Manet from the point of view of Bouguereau, the Manet has not been finished. Judging a Bouguereau from the point of view of Manet, the Bouguereau has not been begun." The book has not a few such admirable discriminations. I would recommend this volume without reserve to any lonely student in the hinterland who wanted some notion of what he might expect from a course in painting, under a sympathetic teacher.

L. M.

Contributors

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